



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

CONSIDERING that Ontario is within five weeks of a general election which is to decide who shall administer the business of the province for several years to come, it must be admitted that the political spouters and the party papers have succeeded in stirring up surprisingly little interest in the contest. The result of a political election in Toronto is, generally speaking, a foregone conclusion, and except when some unusual circumstance arises in the local situation, it is hard for the average Toronto voter to get his blood up to fighting temperature. Surveying the field from the local point of view and without personal knowledge of the state of feeling in outside constituencies, it is easy for one to erroneously infer a general indifference throughout the province from the very manifest lack of interest still obtaining here. Making due allowance for the fact that Toronto is not Ontario, it must yet be evident to all who have made a study of gauging the popular drift that the bout now on has so far been a tame affair, in which the wild efforts of the principals to attitudinize as hard hitters have occasioned no uncontrollable excitement outside the ropes. I do not recall that in any former general election in Ontario the electorate seemed in such a passive frame of mind within so short a time of polling day. Of course there is yet time and to spare for things to happen. But it is idle to pretend that up to date any widespread genuine interest has been aroused either in the city or in the country over the momentous question whether Ross shall be remembered, or Whitney—in the chaste and elegant English of the "Globe"—"whacked."

What is the meaning of this passivity and indifference, and for whom does it bode ill? Undoubtedly one very large element in the situation is that the people of Ontario, in common with those of the rest of the Dominion, have been and are unusually busy and prosperous. When houses, factories and barns are building; when farming, manufacturing and store-keeping are remunerative; when the laborer and mechanic have plenty to do and get good wages for doing it; when those who are making and investing money are far more numerous than those who are not, it is difficult for the politicians to convince the people that the periodical struggle of the "ins" and the "outs" to keep or obtain office is a thing that matters much—as, of course, it may be and sometimes is. The fact seems to be that gradually the people are coming to the belief that their happiness and prosperity are much less dependent on Government than on themselves, and that, no matter who may ride on horseback and who go afoot, so long as the average citizen is industrious and virtuous the country is safe. Both the rural and the urban population of this province have now probably less time to spare to party squabbles than ever before. Leaving out of the count the extreme temperance people and the liquor interests, who may imagine they have a special interest in the fight now on, the mass of the voters are not likely to be wrought up, no matter how the organizers of victory in the committee-room, on the stump, or in editorial sanctums may froth and fume.

If any large question of policy or public morals were hanging on the count of heads to be made on May 20th, the indifference of the electorate would be deplorable and ominous. But the general opinion is that the fight is a very "or'nary" kind of struggle for power, and the general opinion, as usual, seems to be pretty near the truth. This being the case, the men now in office, unless it can be shown that they have committed some decided breach of trust meriting censure and punishment by their employers, have the best of the argument and are likely to benefit from the marked apathy of feeling, which in itself is evidence that they have not forfeited their right to confidence. Governments are not turned out of office without cause and a general uprising of hostile public opinion. In 1878 and again in 1896 the signs that presaged the downfall of Dominion Ministries were unmistakable. Up to the present moment in this campaign no such signs are apparent. There seems to be no wave of enthusiasm setting towards the Government, but on the other hand there is none bearing Mr. J. P. Whitney on its crest. And an Opposition is always more in need of enthusiasm than is a Government. With a good cry Mr. Whitney might succeed in inflaming the electorate, but he has so far been able to hit upon such a slogan, and inasmuch as the Government is content to go to the country on its record, the fighting is not being forced by either side, and the popular attitude has resolved itself into that of a somewhat bored and decidedly impartial spectator.

ONE of the most interesting contests to watch will be that in North Toronto. The decision of Dr. Adams to enter the ring without gloves and without official backing adds an element of picturesqueness and uncertainty to an already peculiar situation. Three-cornered fights are proverbially spirited and proverbially doubtful to the end. One thing may be predicted of North Toronto with absolute confidence, and that is that while Dr. Nesbitt, Mr. Marter and Dr. Adams stay with the game there will be something doing all the time.

CONTROLLER GRAHAM'S plan of forming a salaries board of the heads of civic departments is one that might work well. It seems that at present there is no uniformity in salaries paid for similar services in different branches of work at the City Hall, and too often, it is to be feared, the heads of departments, instead of regarding themselves as stewards bound to get out of those under their direction the largest returns for the money paid, allow themselves to become "jollies" on behalf of their subordinates, and take more pride in getting an assistant's salary run up a notch than in making the assistant earn the last cent of what is coming to him. It is argued, not without reason, that there should be an equalization of wages for similar services, together with a definite scheme governing increases and promotions. If the heads of departments would adopt a thoroughly candid and judicial attitude in the matter, they might form an ideal board for dealing with the whole question of salaries, for it is to be presumed that each head of a department knows the internal working and requirements of his own particular staff, the value of each person employed, and the amount and quality of work to be expected, as no member of the Council can know these things. But if the proposed board met, as they might meet, in a spirit of "pully haul"—each endeavoring to secure as large and as highly paid a staff as possible—the special knowledge they possess would be barren of good results to the service and to the ratepayers.

It must not be overlooked that one clerk may be twice as efficient as another, and therefore fully entitled to a higher wage, though apparently both may be doing the same class of work. Everybody who has had any experience in the employment of stenographers, knows that one may get through fifty per cent. more work and do it with greater accuracy than another with equal experience and claiming the same remuneration. The difficulty at the City Hall, as in many large commercial establishments where authority is divided, seems to be that the more competent

employees do not always obtain the best rate of pay.

There is one feature of Controller Graham's scheme that would require watching. That is the superannuation fund he proposes, and which he says would be in the interests of the entire service. Knowing how superannuation funds are usually administered, the intelligent ratepayer will be suspicious of any such proposition, for the financing of it might easily become a public burden, while superannuation would be made the pretext under cover of which able-bodied employees could be pensioned off to make room for favorites and placenten. If the city establishes a superannuation fund it must be under the guarantee that it is to be absolutely self-sustaining. The Council is now continually being asked to vote sums to the families of deceased employees or those incapacitated for further service. The whole practice is wrong. The men and women in the employ of the city are well paid—much better paid, no doubt, than a great many other people in similar occupations—and why should they not make provision for the inevitable rainy day as others must do? Anything that cultivates the notion that a man can go on spending the whole of his in-

on, it is interesting, especially as it presents a side of the case of which little has been heard: Editor "Saturday Night."

Dear Sir,—As a reader of your paper from its first number, and from thirty-six years of experience in life insurance management in this my native land, perhaps you will favor me with the insertion of the following "open letter" which I have sent to certain M.P.'s who appear to have been misled in the same manner as yourself (see first page of last issue) about the millions of dollars wrongly stated to be going out of Canada, yearly, to "American" life insurance companies, for premiums. Nothing of the kind could happen, since the Insurance Act of 1878, framed by Edward Blake, then Attorney-General for Canada, compels the deposit of the full legal reserve under control of the Government at Ottawa by both British and "American," but not Canadian, life companies:

"Honorable Sir,—You will find the series of Parliamentary interviews to which my former letter alluded, in the daily 'Globe' of April 4th, occupying three columns, entitled 'To Build up Canada.' One M.P. is credited with

this correction of that sentence of "Don's" that "Of course this money goes out of the country," when as a matter of fact the "American" companies brought in nearly a million dollars last year alone, pages 60 and 61 of the latest blue book showing their deposits at Ottawa increased by \$1,307,260.00, and they paid for deaths and endowments \$4,234,795.14. I am, dear sir, yours etc., William H. Orr.

It is quite true that a very large amount of money is in the hands of the Canadian Government to the credit of foreign insurance companies who are compelled to deposit it as a reserve. But it must be admitted that this reserve is not the whole of the premiums collected, and the remainder is entirely at the disposal of the companies, whose investments are principally in the United States and other foreign lands. Thus it is true that Canadian money does leave Canada in the form of life insurance premiums to build up industry and earn dividends elsewhere. Of course, in the long run, it returns to this country, as the policies become payable, but in the meantime its earning power has been exercised to the advantage of foreign enterprise. My correspondent says that in this respect what is true of the companies having their head offices in the United States is also true of Canadian companies—that money is sent abroad for investment. If this is true, and doubtless it is to a much greater extent than some of the Canadian companies would care to acknowledge, it goes to show that even the most simple proposition, when put forward under the guise of patriotism, should be subjected to searching examination before being accepted at its face value. But if Canadian financial corporations have formed the bad habit of investing their funds abroad, it is to be hoped that with the opening up of increasing opportunities for profitable investment here they will place more and more of their moneys in home securities. In the meantime the profits from the foreign investments of Canadian companies come back into the pockets of Canadians to be distributed gradually through the community. The salaries for management and the dividends on stock of foreign insurance companies operating in Canada do not find their way to any extent out of the countries in which those companies have their head offices and the majority of their stockholders.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON'S intentions may be good, but his pathways are devious and hard to follow. A few months ago he was advocating the quartering of regiments of British red-coats in the citadel at Quebec. Now, with Mr. Bourassa at his back, he moves a resolution in the House of Commons counselling the British Government to a policy of clemency in South Africa. Without going into the question of whether the curse of South Africa has not been too much clemency already, the House did well to squelch Mr. Charlton's attempt to tender advice where none has been asked, and thus practically interfere in the peace negotiations now being carried on. To have passed the resolution, or even to have let it go to a vote, would have been an impertinence. There is no more reason for Canada to offer an unsolicited opinion in this matter than on the Irish question, and if a resolution on the latter is brought before Parliament at Ottawa, the fate of the Charlton resolution will supply the best precedent for disposing of it. Let us mind our own business; we have plenty of business to mind.

AN agitation which has been going on in the United States ever since I can remember is still being continued for the promotion of ex-Presidents directly into the Federal Senate for life. It is urged that this measure, which, however, would only make one addition to the Senate under present circumstances, would secure the political utilization of valuable material otherwise lost, and would provide an occupation and income to eminent citizens who find themselves out of employment at the maturity of their powers and during the years when they are at their best as counsellors. In its most enticing phase the question of life appointments is raised by this renewed attempt to place such men as find an entrance into the White House, in possession of an assured competency and keep them fully in public sight until they die. My own belief is that with the world constituted on its present lines no appointment should be for life. No matter how fine an intellect or how great a fortune a man possesses, he is kept continually struggling, under the present strenuous conditions, not only for bread, but prominence. That a few fortunate people, by accident at a political convention where votes are cast perhaps by reason of intrigue rather than for a political principle, should be for the balance of their lives placed out of the great competition, seems unfair and not conducive to the maintenance of what we rightly or wrongly conceive to be the best system of re-creating society on a democratic basis. As a matter of fact, there is no workable means of placing a man outside of temptation, of making him superior to the impulses with which he was born. While the vast majority have to work out these problems for themselves, it seems unfair to look for a solution of the question for but a few. That no man should live his life in fear of want or even in fear of death, seems like a reasonable proposition. That in the eternal order of things he was so born and must so live, must be admitted, and to expect to create special patriotism, loyalty, goodness, purity, or any other virtue, by a setting aside of this principle, seems something like an assumption of superior knowledge to that shown by the Creator.

IN last Saturday's papers appeared an appeal from a clergyman for subscriptions to send a young woman "suffering from illness," and who has been forced to give up her position, to Muskoka for the summer. The frequency of these informal and, as a rule, worthy calls upon the charitably disposed, is becoming marked. The motives that prompt ministers or others who, in a professional capacity, are brought into personal contact with suffering are generally admirable, but it may be doubted whether the method of collecting funds from private individuals through the medium of the newspapers is always the best. Very frequently the first response is quick, but as the facts of the case fade from the minds of readers, for want of repetition, subscriptions drop off and cease altogether, and in the end the sum realized for the relief of the sufferer is inadequate, necessitating a further appeal to the charitable or leaving private individuals, who may have become responsible, to meet the obligations incurred. It is evident, too, that the oftener appeals are made for funds in this way, the more difficult it will become to make an impression and to collect the required sums, while the public must experience increasing difficulty in discriminating between the claims upon their generosity. To suggest the jingle of the collection plate is a painful thing where the relief of genuine misfortune must be undertaken. To the man who is forced to pass the hat, as well as to the beneficiary, the whole proceeding must often be distasteful and humiliating. To the persons before whom the hat is thrust again and again there must finally come a sense of weariness, no matter how deserving the purpose as described may be. It is probably far in advance of present conceptions of public duty to suggest that municipal or state



BURNS' MONUMENT, TORONTO.  
To be unveiled 21st July, 1902.

Drawing and plate by Grip, Limited.

come, and then in case of need fall back on somebody, is a wrong not only to the man and those dependent on him, but to the somebody who in the end will be expected to assume new burdens.

THE new crematory built in Mount Royal cemetery, Montreal, was used for the first time last week, when the remains of the late Senator Ogilvie were, in accordance with his will, reduced to ashes. Some time since I received a handsome illustrated booklet, issued by the company which built and owns the crematory. The illustrations and letterpress show this system of disposing of the bodies of the dead in a very favorable light as compared with interment. The surroundings are aesthetic and quite lacking in the gruesome associated with graveyards and burials. The movement to establish a crematory in one of Montreal's cemeteries met with all the opposition ignorance and prejudice could bring to bear. The same forces will retard the spread of the practice of cremation in this country just as they have retarded it for a time elsewhere, but as the most sanitary system that can be devised, it is bound to make increasing headway here, as in all other countries where it has once been introduced.

A WELL-KNOWN life insurance man sends me the following letter, in which he takes issue with the contentions of those who have been working up a feeling in favor of Canadians patronizing only Canadian insurance companies. As a contribution to the discussion now going

the astounding statement that 'Agents of American life insurance companies bleed the country of its cash.' And another says 'Every dollar that goes out of Canada to the United States in life insurance premiums leaves the Canadian money market still more stringent.' And a Western Member says, 'It should be stopped, and probably will be.' And John McGowan, M.P., clinches the whole business for Sir Charles Tupper with 'Those are my sentiments.' Besides the facts stated in my open letter of the 11th inst., as to \$7,646,200 in gold premiums having been received last year by Canadian insurance companies from foreigners (thus to some extent causing the present superabundance of money in Canada), let me direct your attention to the Canadian bank statement for January 31st, 1902, showing:

1. Balance due from agencies abroad	\$12,666,808.00
2. Balance due from agencies in Great Britain	6,111,677.00
3. Public securities, not Canadian	14,500,761.00
4. Call and short loans elsewhere than in Canada	44,189,514.00
Total Canadian money invested abroad	\$77,368,760.00

The total paid-up capital of Canadian banks is 67,621,011.00

Also, it appears by the 1900 blue book (page 291) that one Canadian life insurance company alone holds no less than thirty-five different items of foreign investment for its funds, and others smaller amounts. Capital knows no national boundary.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy of allowing



control will yet be extended, in some form, to the relief of just such cases as those for which appeals now have to be directed to "the public"—which of course means that comparatively small section of people who are amenable to philanthropic claims not personally presented and urged.

WHY should the brigade of Irish patriots headed by Hon. John Costigan and Hon. George McHugh seek to resolve the Canadian Commons and Senate into an indignation meeting in which to tell again the harrowing tale of Ireland's wrongs and pass resolutions denouncing the cruel, perfidious Saxon? Why should Canada offer to the British Government advice that has neither been asked for nor will be followed, and thus run the risk of being snubbed as we were snubbed before on the same question when legislators at Ottawa, for party reasons and because they were afraid of the little gang of Irish politicians, undertook to tell England how to conduct herself towards Ireland? Home Rule is not a question upon which the majority of Canadians have any convictions, or about which they care a fig. It is not a question upon which the members of the Dominion Parliament are posted or can be expected to pass an intelligent opinion. It is not even a live question amongst British voters and statesmen, who are the only persons competent to deal with it. Irishmen have done more to kill Home Rule than anyone else. The attempt to make the corpse sit up and talk, by demonstrations such as the one that was witnessed in the House of Commons at Westminster when Lord Methuen's capture was announced, or by forcing ill-timed resolutions through colonial parliaments, is certain to be ineffectual and to be resented. Canada has several little requests of her own to engineer with the British Government in the near future, and this being the case, we shall do well not to approach the senior partner in the attitude of a dissatisfied office boy who not only wants a raise for himself, but has undertaken to present the grievances of the janitor.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."

#### Elevator Etiquette.

ELEVATORS have become almost as common a means of transportation as street cars, and while a great deal has been said about the courtesy of passengers in the latter, nothing that I have noticed has been written about the conduct of those who use the former. The elevator is the trolley line of the large building, limited as to space and without charge to all comers—probably the cities will run trolley lines on the same basis later on. The conductor—even the motorman of a trolley—with a little experience learns how valuable a commodity is politeness. The man in charge of the trolley who learns to give you a look of intelligent enquiry when approaching your street, becomes a friend, and one willingly does him a kindness either in obtaining him a better position or in always wishing him good morning or good evening in a way which makes life pleasanter if not more profitable to him.

Too frequently the one in charge of an elevator is only a boy, either in years or in manners. If he is in charge of a swift elevator he endeavors to elude you if you are only half a dozen steps from the door when the cage goes up, pays no attention to the passengers except to keep them far enough away from the door to prevent them being injured—frequently omits even this. Of course an old and trained employee of a big building learns to know almost every passenger for every flat, and his glance of interrogation sometimes reminds the thoughtless of their destination. Many of the polite elevator men and elevator boys make quite a little bit of pocket-money by selling Christmas numbers, almanacs, calendars, cards, and such trifles as business men are ready to purchase from an attentive servant. Thousands of good positions have been obtained by lads who began by controlling an elevator and ended by controlling a big business.

It is not with regard to those who run the elevators, but those who ride in them, that I feel impelled to talk. The tendency of everybody, no matter how many flats they intend to pass, to stand by the door, no matter who comes in or tries to go out, is one of the chronic rudenesses which afflict regular passengers in this inexpensive and necessary means of transportation. The office boy who will loiter for half an hour on the streets or in the hall below, almost invariably insists upon standing by the door to be trodden over by everyone who comes in or goes out, in order that he can shoot out when he arrives at the proper story and burst in the door of his employer's office as if he had been hotly pursued from the time he left. People who observe any manners in the use of an elevator, when the cage is somewhat crowded should assert themselves according to the distance they are going. Those who get out at the first or second floor should remain near the door; those who go to the top should naturally retire to the rear, and thus facilitate the rapid distribution of those who are carried. Long stories between those who are in the hallway and those who are on the elevator are just as unhappy as when carried on between passengers who are remaining on and getting off trolley cars. In every sense those who are being carried on an elevator should facilitate the work of the man or the boy in charge. It seems to me that it should never be a boy, for in nine cases out of ten his supreme indifference to everybody, his ignorance of the propelling power and of the dangers surrounding elevators, unfit him for the job.

Perhaps "Saturday Night" does not reach many fathers and mothers who are forced to let their lads go out to service of this kind, but there is certainly a lesson which should be taught at home, as there is seldom anyone in authority in a large building who will take the pains to teach it. Politeness is everything in doing business, no matter how trivial, with the public. In an hour a boy can become so obnoxious to the people using an elevator that complaints will begin to be lodged against him. In one trip a new lad at the wheel or cable can make friends that will perhaps last him a lifetime. If parents fail to insist on lessons in politeness, the passengers on an elevator should do so, for they make or mar a young fellow's life by resenting his impertinence or complimenting his politeness. The co-operation of those serving and served is so entirely necessary nowadays to the well-being of the world that no fraction of pains taken to smooth even a minute's trip up or down an elevator is wasted. DON.

#### Canada as a Young Man's Country.

PRE-EMINENTLY the United States is "a young man's country," and it cannot be denied that this fact has constituted a chief element in the attractiveness of the Republic to the young men of other lands. Probably a majority of the successful Canadians under Uncle Sam's flag would admit that they had picked up their traps and crossed the border not only because they felt that there were superior business opportunities to be found where population was thickest, but also because in the swift-swirling life of Yankee-land they could find recognition and success more quickly if not more surely than at home. A "young man's country" is bound to be a progressive country. It may be true that in such a land those who have got on to the down grade of life on the far side of forty are inevitably shoved under and pushed aside long before they have become useless and have lost their capacity to serve society. But if they are "put on the shelf" sooner they also reached the zenith of their power earlier. And, anyway, it is better to wear out than to rust out.

One's thoughts could not fail to be turned in this direction by an item now going the rounds of the papers about the new Governor of the State of Washington. He is but twenty-eight years old. Think of it—to be chief executive of a populous and growing commonwealth at an age when, in Canada at least, most men are only commencing to get a perilous toe-hold on the big, flinty mountainside of life. It is not too much to say that in the Dominion—in any

part of it, East or West—it would, under present conditions, be an impossibility for a man still in his twenties to be elevated by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens to any post measurably near that of the governor of a State in honor and responsibility. But the case of young McCroskey of Washington is by no means an extraordinary case in the Republic. Many of the mayors of cities, presidents of universities, Congressmen and State officers, over there, are men who have still, in the ordinary course of nature, as many years before as behind them. On the other hand, glance over, mentally, the faces of men occupying analogous positions in Canada, and mark how rare are those not already whitened by the winters of age. It seems to be largely true that in Canada, Success, political success, at all events, comes to men gradually, hesitatingly, slowly, always as if she were not quite sure of her ground.

And yet there have been exceptions to the rule even here. Sir John A. Macdonald was but twenty-nine when elected to Parliament, and thirty-two when he entered on his marvelous, long career as a Minister of the Crown. Sir Charles Tupper was thirty-four when he defeated the Hon. Joseph Howe down in Nova Scotia, thereby looting large in the public life of the time. But, not to go further back than the present generation of public men, the present Minister of the Interior was at thirty Attorney-General of Manitoba, and at thirty-five was admitted into the Dominion Cabinet in charge of one of the most important portfolios. Mr. Sifton's record has been equalled by one other case, and surpassed by yet another. Carroll of Kamouraska was an M.P. at twenty-five, and is now, with the dignity of Solicitor-General of Canada upon him, but thirty-six. Young Charley Tupper was sent to Ottawa to represent a constituency in the House of Commons at twenty-seven, and when scarcely thirty-three became Minister of Marine and Fisheries. But it goes without saying that Tupper junior would scarce have had promotion so soon, so steadily and so rapidly as he did had it not been for the influence of Tupper senior. Yet, on the whole, these cases, as isolated instances, show that sometimes a man in Canada does not require to fret himself for long years in subordinate positions, waiting for the recognition of his powers, so grudgingly accorded by his fellows, until, at last, when the largest opportunities of usefulness and scope for the exercise of his personality tardily arrive, his enthusiasms have all evaporated and his natural force has abated.

Of course, there are disadvantages connected with the rapid advancement of rash and headstrong youth as well as with the conservatism that hesitates to trust to any heads not grown grey in counsel. Some of these disadvantages are observable as grave defects in the political and business life of the United States. There one observes a growing tendency towards "experimentism" in legislation, in commercial matters and socially. Youth is the time of haste and hot impatience. But it is also the time of generous enthusiasms, unspooled ideals and faith in the future. If youth needs discipline, it is to be regretted that in the process of acquiring it, much of the unselfish purpose youth had cherished usually disappears. Casting up all the loss and gain, it is doubtful whether a "young man's country" is not in every sense better than an "old man's country."

As Canada's population grows, as her great vacant reaches get besprinkled more thickly with striving humanity, as her life becomes more strenuous and more complex, she will be less an "old man's country" and more a "young man's country." Politically, industrially, commercially—in every aspect—men will be shaken into their proper places more quickly than in the past. Capacity will not tread so gingerly on the heels of slow experience, and the complaint will not be heard so often that in Canada a man must wait till he is bent and silvered before achieving a post of honor and responsibility. LANCE.

#### "Scarlet Runners."

TORONTO Stock Exchange wags have coined a new expression; it fills a long-felt want and is, like fingers to a hand, convenient.

This newly-coined addition to Webster's is "scarlet runner." A "scarlet runner" on "Change during the present "bull" campaign is a stock that jumps up 5 or 10 points over night, and is, like Jack-and-the-beanstalk fairy tale, ready for profit-taking next morning. No particular reason is given for a "scarlet runner's" rapid growth except, perhaps, that it is watered and nurtured by the hopes, sighs, and even prayers, of a seething army of speculators. All day long they talk of "scarlet runners," all night long they dream of "scarlet runners," and in the dim morning

light they con with feverish haste the newspapers vomited forth from "bull" presses that have reputations for devoting special and sympathetic attention to "scarlet runners."

At this stage of the game men are not the only actors akin to "scarlet runners." Every day in the visitors' gallery on "Change, ladies may be seen, dressed in scarlet to match their broker's tie, helping on the exotic growth of some "scarlet runner." Frequently they lose their heads and, becoming hysterical, cry for "scarlet runners" as children cry for castoria.

Meanwhile the most popular flower Toronto has ever been partial to, is blooming with rare beauty and luxuriance, having thrown into the shade even Mrs. Potter-Palmer's \$10,000 carnation. Unlike other horticultural productions, it has a democratic popularity peculiarly its own, and appears to be within the reach of anyone possessed of a "tip" and the necessary "bunch of fives," being worn by society queens, ladies' maids, bankers, brokers, clerks, editors, florists, firemen, motormen and floor-walkers. Certainly the Stock Exchange flower—the "scarlet runner"—will remain popular until those wearing it are waylaid by a sharp frost. J. W. B.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."

#### Why Your Roast Beef is so Dear.

LAST summer there was a great drought throughout the Western prairie States. From June 20th to the latter part of August practically no water fell. The corn that had promised to be a "bumper" crop withered and died. Kansas raised only 42,000,000 bushels—most of that in "nubbins" and unhusked—instead of the 134,000,000 that it had produced in 1900. This fact, according to C. M. Harger in "Leslie's Weekly," has more to do with the high price of meat than has the Beef Trust, for it supplied the economic conditions on which the Trust has operated. The cattlemen were quick sufferers from the drought. They had hundreds of thousands of cattle ready to be shipped north in October for fattening, and suddenly there was no demand for them. The drought was not alone in Kansas—it extended over Missouri, Oklahoma, and part of Nebraska and Iowa. It shortened the feeding capacity of every farm in that territory. It did more; it caused tens of thousands of farmers to sell part of the cattle on their farms—the regular farm herd—in order that such rough feed as they possessed might be sufficient to carry the remainder through the winter.

Thus the market had two events against it: there were few cattle put on feed, and the fall stock was sacrificed early. Even of the stock which the farmers wintered few were fattened. From counties where 15,000 to 20,000 were usually fed scarce a train-load went to market, and they were shipped before the holidays.

The result was that, when spring drew near, the better part of three States which had usually been heavy producers of stock well rounded out with corn and alfalfa, sent an exceedingly limited supply. The ranchmen were carrying over their last year's stock and the farmers were without an animal to ship. From February 23rd to April 1st meat advanced in Kansas City, the central market for the region affected most by the drought, one-fourth of a cent a pound each week. About March 1st there was a veritable cattle famine on that market, but high prices brought in more stock later on. Because of this shortage, there was a better opportunity for the packers to work together, and there was, also, a real basis for some of the added value.

The shortage of fat cattle will continue until the grass-fed stock can come to market, or until a corn crop can be harvested and the fattening process be carried out. Corn is worth sixty-seven cents in the local markets of the prairie States, the mills exchanging it bushel for bushel for wheat. No wonder the farmers could not feed it to cattle!

In the meanwhile, the ranches are adding to their cattle. There are plenty of cattle, but not fat cattle. With feed to build up the marketable animals the supply would be ample. The sturdy ten-mule teams that haul supplies from the railroad towns in Southwestern Kansas take their burden to well-equipped ranches. The owners are fortifying themselves against lack of pasture by buying land for their own use. They are preparing against a shortage of feed by sowing alfalfa and other drought-resisting crops. With a corn crop this summer over the prairie States there will be a quick refilling of the decimated ranks of the horned hosts and the market will be easier.



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Special Importations of Handsome Materials for Afternoon Gowns, Fancy Materials for Tailor-made Dresses

MILLINERY—In the Millinery Department are to be seen the choicest Paris creations, together with many original designs from our own work-rooms.

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### Lovers of the Beautiful

UNIVERSALLY ADMIRE THE

### New Art Bell Pianos



They appeal irresistibly to people of cultured musical taste. They possess exclusive features desired by the artist and the musician. You are cordially invited to inspect these unique productions of piano perfection at

#### The Bell Art Parlors

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### Rich Cut Glass

Our staff of expert workmen are producing even more brilliant effects in Cut Glass than any other factory in America.

If Cut Glass has not brilliancy it has nothing.

Ask for Canadian Cut Glass and you will get ours, because we are the only cutters in Canada.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



### McKendry's Millinery

Surpasses All

Never so big a business. Simply marvelous the trade we are doing with the millinery of Canada. If you live in the city always try to visit our show-rooms during the earlier part of the week, you will then receive the attention we like to give all customers, but simply cannot at any other time.

Special Silk and Chiffon Hatters—the latest Parisian and New York styles at a third below any store's prices; see the specials at 5.00 and 7.50—these're beauties.

McKendry & Co.,  
TORONTO. 226 and 228 Yonge St.

### Spoiled Weddings

Many a smart wedding is spoiled through inartistic arrangement of flowers and plants. When Dunlop undertakes the floral decoration and supplies the lovely Bridal Bouquets the success of a wedding is assured. His taste is unsurpassed.

### Dunlop's

445 YONGE ST. SEND FOR PRICE LIST 5 KING WEST  
Canada's Leading Florist

### PURE Water

Is the most essential requisite for the health and is only obtained by using

#### A SANITARY STILL

Distilled water is the acme of purity. For medicinal purposes the highest authorities are agreed that pure water is preferable to the so-called medicinal spring waters.

COMPLETE STOCK SANITARY STILLS ALWAYS ON HAND

RICE LEWIS & SON  
TORONTO LIMITED

**TORONTO. 188 YONGE ST.**

**HAMILTON. 66 KING ST. W.**

**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING.**

**The Pianauto**

The Pianauto is the greatest of all "plano-players." It will play, on any piano, any piece of music ever written. It can be played by any person, with or without musical knowledge, and its operation is so simple and light that a child can play it with ease. It excels all others in power of expression, but above all in its ease of operation. Call and hear it, or if you live at a distance write to us for full particulars.

**Gourlay, Winter & Leeming**

**188 YONGE ST., TORONTO**



## Social and Personal.

THE mammoth undertaking which has absorbed the time and thought of some hundreds of Toronto people, old and young, came off last week with no uncertain success in the Massey Hall. In the first place, the Massey Hall, as regards the possibility of a proper staging of dramatic and operatic features, is impossible. Only the indomitable courage and optimism of a manager of terpsichorean revels would face it. The attempt gave an amateurish look to the entertainment which it would not have had in a theater with proper curtain and scenery. These drawbacks gave the representation that was most independent of scenery the best chance to win applause. The tiny folk were the best card of the many fine representations, and in the crowning of Titania and A Night in Japan (which latter had the vote as the best big thing on the bill) the smaller the youngster the cleverer the acting. There were atoms of Japs that seemed made of rubber in their funny dances. Whoever did or did not enjoy taking part, the little ones were in raptures over their "acts" and the applause thereof. The audiences were good and the financial part of the venture a huge success. I am informed that although the full returns are not at time of writing made, the hospital may hope for a clear profit of some fourteen hundred dollars. Among the most applauded representations was the double sextette dance entitled the Lovers' Quarrel Gavotte, in which twelve young people, danced and pantomimed the meeting, greeting, disputing, pouting and happy reconciliation of lovers of older time, all in white court suits, poudre and patches. The ladies of this pretty and popular dance were the Misses Mary and Eva Miles, Miss Croil, Miss Wornum, Miss Bessie Marsh and Miss Archie Towner, each looking handsomer than usual in the quaint coiffure. The men were Messrs. Linwood and Harding, professors with the director, Signor Angostini, and Messrs. Godfrey Baldwin, Allie Warden, Allen Taylor and E. A. Monck. They received several curtain calls each evening. A little suggestion of "Carmen" was called Carmencita, and a very graceful sextette of girls and their attendant Spanish soldiers sang "The Cigarette Song" with a good deal of finish. Miss Mildred Stewart, in gold-tinted satin veiled in black spangled lace, a dancer's frock, sang Carmen's song to Don Jose. Don Jose (astride a Windsor chair) was not as impressive as he could have been in proper surroundings. Mr. Jim Merrick, who was the biggest Spanish soldierman, was the image of Captain Dreyfus (before his exile), as many persons were heard noting in the audience. This scene and the minuet from the Queen's Lace were the worst sufferers from the inadequate scenic resources. A very pretty and interesting thing was the Sun Dance by Miss Schofield, the most perfect Delsartean imaginable. As the sun worshipper, her dress of sun gold tulle over grass green was in itself typical, and as every pose and gesture unfolded the significance of the dance, those who understood were delighted with its cleverness. She struck a very sweet note of pure Orientalism full of symbol and eloquent of the Parsee worship of the very earliest times. It was far the best thing done. Miss Schofield is, I hear, a resident of Toronto. I should almost prefer to think her a brief visitor from the land of the Pharaohs or the home of the wise stargazers of the ancients, and never lose the fair impression she made as she floated about in her graceful and eloquent dance, by seeing her hop off a street car in a "tailor-made" gown!

I hear very nice things of the "Bohemians," whose dancing and singing I was unable to enjoy, on account of illness. They had a bright, graceful, pretty lot of girls among them, and a smart lot of young men. Miss Mildred Stewart sang beautifully as the Gypsy Queen, and Miss Dackray was a charming Arline. The costumes were picturesque in the extreme.

On Monday evening the Clef Club gave a ladies' night at McConkey's, when a jolly little company was assembled in the ballroom to hear a very nice little programme which Messrs. Welsman, president of the club; Frank Blachford, Herr Klingensfeld and Saunders opened with a Brahms string quartette. Mrs. Stewart Houston sang twice, Mr. Tripp and Mr. Blachford played, Mr. Sherlock sang, and that catch which deals with the uncertain age of a certain maiden lady Celia by name, was sung by four men of the company. Mr. Blakeley was a perfect accompanist. The bonne bouche last year on ladies' night was the rendition of the Toy Symphony, which provoked great applause and mirth. This year the Clef Club got up Mozart's "Die Doronikaute," which was a sextette played by men in quaint garb of court costumes and white perukes. The four movements were played in a manner simply indescribable by the following artists: First violin, Signor Outof Tunio; second violin, Signor Scarpinus Discordio; viola, Maestro N. G. Rasperino; cello, Herr Howlino Gruntsky; first horn, Mr. Cacophonius Brayer; second horn, Mr. Jack Asger Tooter. The leader, who was simply inimitable in airs and graces, was Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, and the self-satisfied way he rasped discords out of a long-suffering violin was a thing to see, hear and remember. The audience, most of whom were cultured musicians, listened and roared with laughter. The two horns gurgled the most profound sentiments in any old key that struck them; the cello said things quite unfit for publication, and the first and second violins dared any cat in Toronto to come on and do better! It was a weird performance, and the climax was drowned in shouts of mirth. There was one person who did not seem to get next the joke, and who remarked that "the piece wasn't so bad, really," which was adorably Scotch of him, and just shows to what the bagpipes may reduce a man! When the ballroom had re-echoed with the joyous hilarity of the listeners to the courtly artists, the suggestion to adjourn to the Nile and Rose rooms was favorably received, and there a very nice little supper was served. A few of the Clef Club's lady guests were Mrs. Vogt, in white faille with point lace, and a lovely bunch of American Beauties; Mrs. Huyck Garratt in a rich black ball gown; Miss Milligan of Bromley House in black, with white point lace bertha; Mrs. Fisher in white silk, with black chiffon and straps of black velvet; Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) in Nile green with white chiffon and turquoises; Mrs. Houston in black with roses; Miss Houston, looking very well in black; Mrs. Ham, in black over salmon satin; Mrs. Tripp, in pink brocade; Mrs. James Thornburn, jr., in black Russian net over silk; Mrs. Henry Saunders, in black with pink roses; Mrs. Adamson and Miss Adamson, both wearing black gowns, and many other bright women, some exceedingly pretty girls in dainty light frocks, and beside the club members, a nice little coterie of men. The party supped at quartette tables and at two large and prettily decorated tables, and the guests bade good-bye to their hosts with many compliments.

Mr. J. Knighton Chase is on the way from England to Toronto, where Dr. and Mrs. Ham expect him next week to spend some time with them.

Among the many pretty creatures who took part in the Revels at the Massey Hall last week, none impressed the large audiences more than Miss Joan Arnoldi, who in the long scene devoted to the vestal virgins stood on a pedestal behind the altar upon which the sacred fire burned, the very incarnation of the majestic spirit of the old religion. Her exquisite pose and calm face, motionless, save for her beautiful dark eyes, which glanced from vestal to priest or chorister occasionally, were a picture which will not be soon forgotten. She was an ideal choice for Vesta, and nothing could be more perfect than her grave, absolutely motionless pose, as no other type of beauty could have so exactly fitted the role.

The Allan Line steamship "Parisian," on her trip from Montreal to Liverpool early in June, will carry over to the Coronation one of the most noteworthy lists of passengers

# Atlantic Pulp and Paper Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO CANADA

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$3,000,000

In Shares of \$100 each, divided into 15,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, \$1,500,000; 15,000 Common Shares, \$1,500,000

**\$850,000 of 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock is now offered to the public for Sale at par**

PAYABLE: 10 per cent. on application, 20 per cent. on allotment, 20 per cent. two months after allotment, 25 per cent. four months after allotment, and 25 per cent. six months after allotment.

## DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT—W. C. EDWARDS, M.P., of W. C. Edwards &amp; Co., Limited, Lumber Merchants, Ottawa.

VICE-PRESIDENT—R. Y. ELLIS, Director of P. W. Ellis &amp; Co., Limited, Manufacturing Jewelers, Toronto.

CHAS. H. WATEROUS, President of Waterous Engine Works Co. Limited, Brantford.

R. H. THOMPSON, Wholesale Paper Merchant, Buffalo.

A. J. K. ECKARDT, Manufacturer, Toronto.

CHARLES LYMAN, President the Lyman-Knox Co., Limited, Montreal.

J. W. WARDROPE, Director The New Richmond Lumber Co., Limited, Montreal.

WM. M. MCINTYRE, Paper Manufacture (late Mechanical Superintendent Laurentide Pulp Company), and

W. R. P. PARKER, Barrister-at-law, Toronto.

SOLICITORS—PARKER &amp; BICKFORD, Toronto, Canada.

BROKERS—SUTHERLAND &amp; CAMERON, Ottawa, Canada.

Registrars of Stock and Transfer Agents:

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

N.B.—Since the Prospectus of the company was issued (about the First of April), the Company has received two offers for the purchase of its entire output of paper. These offers are entirely unsolicited, and are from parties whose standing is such as to guarantee the performance of any contract that they may undertake. One of these offers covers the first year of production, and the other covers the first three years. Either offer, if accepted, would be sufficiently profitable to assure the payment of the full dividend on the Preferred Stock, provide the amount required by the Charter for a Reserve Fund, and leave a balance sufficient to pay a large dividend on the Common Stock, if no unforeseen contingencies should arise. This does not include profits estimated from the sale of sulphite pulp or from the saw mill, which, it seems reasonable to suppose, would be sufficient to cover all unexpected contingencies.

## PROSPECTUS

The Atlantic Pulp and Paper Company, Limited, has been organized in order to take advantage of the unrivalled facilities for the manufacture of pulp and paper at New Richmond, on the Baie des Chaleurs, and by its charter, has powers of the fullest description. It is confidently believed that pulp and paper can be more economically manufactured there than any other place in America.

The essentials to the success of such a concern are:

1. Cheap and unlimited pulp wood.
2. Adequate water power cheaply developed;
3. Pure water for the manufacture;
4. Cheap labor;
5. Low transportation charges;
6. Efficient management.

It will be seen that the facilities possessed by this Company assure a point of cheapness in the production of paper never attained before, while the situation of the mills on the Atlantic seaboard makes it possible to ship to all foreign ports by water without transshipment. As the Company proposes to confine itself almost exclusively to the export trade, it will readily be seen that this gives it further advantage over all other companies.

1. **WOOD SUPPLY.**—No paper mill in Canada has greater advantages in point of situation. Many companies do not own their own limits, being entirely dependent on outside purchases, and subject to fluctuations of supply and price. Other companies owning limits have to transport their wood from great distances by water or rail. Thus we find mills at Merritt and Niagara Falls are bringing their pulpwood from Central Quebec. Some prosperous paper companies even buy their pulp in the manufactured state. The mills of the Atlantic Pulp and Paper Company, Limited, will be built about two miles from the limits, where there will also be a very large mill-pond capable of holding several million logs. The Little Cascapedia River flows from end to end through the center of the limits, and the large number of tributary streams does away with the greater part of the hauling usually entailed in getting out pulp wood, thereby greatly decreasing the cost.

2. **WATER POWER.**—Mr. George F. Hardy, of New York, the foremost American authority on this subject, has made a thorough examination of the water power that can be developed on the Little Cascapedia River at a point immediately adjoining the proposed mill site, and his report shows that sufficient power can be developed to run mills of even greater capacity.

This report can be seen at the office of the undersigned, or at any office of the National Trust Company, Limited.

3. **WATER SUPPLY.**—Pure and clean water is one of the most important factors in connection with pulp and paper-making. The bed of the Little Cascapedia River is rocky, and owing to its crystal-like clearness and purity the water in the river is suitable for making the finest grades of paper without the expense of filtering, which is almost invariably required at other mills.

4. **COST OF LABOR.**—The labor employed in the mills and woods cost less than probably any other American mill, as far as known, as competent men in this section of the country, on account of the cheapness of living, ask very low wages.

5. **TRANSPORTATION CHARGES.**—The shipping facilities of this Company are certainly unequalled by any similar enterprise in Canada, the situation of the mills on the Baie des Chaleurs giving every possible advantage for export trade, which is probably the most profitable field. Arrangements can be made with Atlantic steamship lines to run steamers from New Richmond for eight months in the year, as required. During the winter months favorable winter rates have been arranged with the Railway Companies to St. John and Halifax, New Richmond being on the line of the Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway, which will be connected with the mills by a siding.

6. **MANAGEMENT.**—The Company has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Wm. M. McIntyre, formerly Mechanical Superintendent with the Laurentide Pulp Company, Limited, who will act as Manager of the construction and operation of the mills. Mr. McIntyre has had over twenty years' experience in pulp and paper-making, and is regarded as an authority on the manufacture of pulp and paper.

## PROPERTIES

\* The properties and limits acquired by the Company contain about three hundred and two square miles, or one hundred and ninety-three thousand two hundred acres, more or less. The wood is principally spruce, and there is also a large quantity of cedar, pine, birch, balsam, balm of Gilead, and poplar. The Company has reports on this property made by five different expert Rangers, acting independently. Copies of these may be seen at any office of the National Trust Company, Limited, or at the office of the undersigned.

## ISSUE OF STOCK

For the acquiring of the said property, equipment of the pulp and paper mills, the development of the water power, building the railway siding to the mills, and the furnishing of sufficient working capital, the present issue of Preference Stock is made. The whole of the Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock has been authorized to be issued on the following terms:

**For every two shares of Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock subscribed and paid for, there will be allotted by way of bonus one share of fully paid Common Stock.**

The Seven Per cent. Preferred Stock is cumulative, carries yearly dividends, and has priority over the Common Stock as to both dividends and assets.

After the payment of the dividend on the Preferred Stock, and before any payment of dividend on the Common Stock, a further sum of one per cent. must be applied to a Reserve Fund, under the charter. This fund will be for the further assuring of the dividends on the Preferred Stock.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the shares of the Company on the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges.

**Applications for Preferred Shares should be forwarded to the NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg; or to SUTHERLAND & CAMERON, Brokers, Ottawa, Canada.**

**Checks, drafts, etc., are to be made payable to the NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Limited.**

If the whole amount applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. Where no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned in full.

Further information and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of SUTHERLAND & CAMERON, 48 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA, CANADA, or the NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, MONTREAL and WINNIPEG.

We offer the Preferred Stock for sale on the above terms.

**SUTHERLAND & CAMERON, Brokers, OTTAWA, CANADA.**

ever taken from Canada. The Allan Line has made a contract with the Government for the transportation of the contingent which will take part in the Coronation ceremonies of King Edward VII. The "Parisian" will sail from Montreal on the morning of June 7th. At Quebec the contingent, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt, numbering in all some six hundred officers and men, will go on board. Among the other passengers will be His Excellency the Governor-General, Premier Peters of Prince Edward Island, Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, Premier Tweedie of New Brunswick, Lady Ruby Elliot, daughter of Lord Minto, and Mrs. Pellatt. It is expected that the contingent will be accompanied by the Royal Canadian Artillery band of Quebec, one of the finest musical organizations in the country. Colonel Pellatt will take over two horses on the "Parisian," one of them being the

charger ridden by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his visit to Toronto.

A special convocation of the University of Toronto for conferring degrees in dentistry and the commencement exercises of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, were held in Y.W.C. Guild Hall, McGill street, on Thursday evening, April 24th, at 8 o'clock.

Miss Louise N. Currie, Superintendent of Kindergartens, has left the city for Boston, to attend the meetings of the International Convention of Kindergartens being held there during this week.

Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Aileen Neville, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. Galt, Miss M. Mackay, Mrs. Kay, Miss Helen

Kay, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Osler, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Warwick, Mr. Sheldon Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones, Mr. Hugh Scott, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Mr. O. W. Biggar, Mr. Victor Heron, J. H. Trout, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. R. Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hawn, Mr. Charles E. Fleming, of Toronto, and Dr. J. J. Finerty of Buffalo, are registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Jarvis and her daughter, Mrs. Brydges of Islip, L.I., left for that delightful place this week. Mrs. Jarvis will visit her daughter for some time.

Miss Wilson of Bloor street east will not receive again this season.



## Social and Personal.

A charity progressive euchre is being arranged for the evening of May-day, to be held in McConkey's hall-room at eight o'clock precisely. The ladies of the committee, who alone can dispose of tickets, have had great success, and the idea seems to have struck people weary of benefit concerts, and such like, with interest and anticipation. It will certainly be much better fun to enjoy a competitive card game with plenty of éclat and movement than usually falls to the lot of the good-hearted public which pays to enjoy itself for sweet charity's sake. The special beneficiary by the charity euchre will be that up-to-date progressive little place, the Western Hospital. Just to show that the one success may lead to others, Grace Hospital led off bravely, and the Western is hot after her!

The marriage of Miss Nan Mowat of Brockville and Mr. W. M. Bright of Toronto, both handsome and popular young people, who have many friends in Toronto, took place in the First Presbyterian Church in Brockville on Tuesday. Rev. Robert Laird, M.A., officiating. The bride-elect made her home in Brockville with her cousins, Major and Mrs. Walsh, who gave her her wedding and reception at their home. Major Walsh also acted as father, and gave away the bride. Miss Mowat's robe des noces was of white china crepe, with point lace, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and her bouquet a shower of roses and lily of the valley. Needless to say, she looked lovely. Her tall, girlish figure and charming face became her bridal fineries to a marvel. The imported notion of a "matron of honor," instead of bridesmaids, was put into effect at this marriage. Mrs. E. A. McGannon, a cousin of Miss Mowat, being the bride's attendant. In pink crepe and lace, a huge white plumed hat and a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Norman Patterson was best man. The ushers were Mr. Arthur Vickers, Mr. Temple McMurrich of Toronto, Mr. Fred Gascoigne of Montreal, Mr. C. A. McNaughton, Mr. J. Gill Gardner, and Mr. George Sheriff of Brockville. Mr. Bright gave his bride a diamond ring and her attendant a pearl and diamond brooch. The wedding ceremony was brightened by some fine music, and after it was concluded the smart company followed the bridal party to Major Walsh's residence, which was on fete and beautifully decorated for the reception and dejeuner, and where a bay window had been wreathed and arranged for the bride and groom to take their place and receive congratulations. Mrs. Walsh was in a heliotrope gown of chiffon applique, and hat to match, with huge white collet of chiffon and a nosegay of violets. Mrs. Bright, mother of the groom, wore pale fawn voile. Mrs. Clifford Sifton, who came with the Minister of the Interior, wore a robe of white lace and white and gold chapeau. Captain Barker and Mr. Jim Mackenzie of Toronto, fellow-oarsmen of the groom, were also guests at the wedding. After the breakfast, which was very well served, Mr. and Mrs. Bright went for a six weeks' tour in the States, and it is matter for congratulation that he and his bonny bride will return later to Toronto, which they will make their home.

"I'm not home on my day any more unless it pours rain," cried the young married lady. "Don't you know, I have to be at the links—" and so they are, by the score, eagerly taking up again the fascinating golf. By the way, I hear there are to be ping-pong tournaments on the Island this summer. What a delightful place the Yacht Club upper parlors would be for a match!

The pretty house in Glen road with the colonial porch and pillars has, I hear, been purchased by Mr. Alec Mackenzie. During its building many a query was made as to who would occupy it. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie and the only boy-baby on earth are to do so, later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble have secured a house in Elm avenue, No. 78, and have removed there, but Mrs. Gamble has not yet received. I believe, however, that she will next Monday.

Miss L. O. Adams, the clever ceramic artist, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crofts in Brooklyn for a fortnight. During her stay Miss Adams has taken a course in some of the latest improved methods of china painting, and has visited all the finest galleries and studios in Gotham. Friends of Mrs. Crofts, who was Miss Finch of this city, will be glad to hear that she is well and happy.

Mrs. J. C. Macdonald left last week for a stay of some time in Fredericton.

Mrs. and Miss Louise Jones are con-

templating a trip through Ireland this summer, where, and in Wales, they purpose spending some months.

Mrs. Hugh Sutherland left for Winnipeg this week, taking with her little Miss Williams, only child of Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams. Mrs. Williams, who has been greatly taken up with threesome packing and storing of her many pretty household affairs, will go to Halifax "pour dire adieu" to her husband, now colonel in command of one of the regiments for the war in South Africa. Their absence will be much regretted in Toronto society, but everyone hopes the patriotic colonel and his men will not sojourn very long in South Africa, but return to the welcome home awaiting them.

Major and Mrs. Forester have been busy getting their new house out Scarborough way into shape for their fitting next week, when, I hear, they will remove from Bonnycastle. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser are living near them; no nicer neighbors could be imagined, and in the country one's neighbors are a very important factor in happiness.

Mrs. Bridges was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Jarvis last week, and very bright and well did both mother and daughter look as they greeted the large company of ladies who responded to the invitation of the hostess. Mrs. Jarvis is blessed in both daughter and daughters-in-law, the latter, Mrs. Fred and Mrs. Edmund, being delightful types of womanhood, and three very nice boys—one Fred and two Edmund Jarvis, sons, assisted their mamma in looking after the guests in the tea-room, where further assistance was handily given by a bevy of pretty girls including Miss Durie, the Misses Harris and Miss Hymsworth. The table was done in pink azuleas and tufts, and green ribbons, with some of the Jarvis silver on evidence. A few of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Otter, and Miss Porter, Mrs. and Miss Law, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. G. Capron Brooke, Mrs. Mason of Elmleigh, Mrs. Macdougall and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Elmley, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. D. Mann and Miss Williams, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mrs. R. A. Harrison, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Burrit, Mrs. Scott, and many pretty and graceful members of the younger set.

Dr. and Mrs. Catermole are taking up house again at 619 Spadina avenue. They spent a very pleasant Easter visit in London.

The number of automobiles is increasing rapidly, and the skill of some of the chauffeurs is quite marvelous. Mr. Oscar Bickford is devoted to the fascinating mode of progression, and takes favored friends, fair girls and smart men, out on bright mornings for pretty lively spins. If the Lake Shore road were put in good shape that run to the Humber would be an ideal ideal jaunt in a "bubble," as machines are called in Gotham.

Another engagement is being freely whispered about. It will be another case of a dark horse quietly winning from a field of local aspirants. If it turns out to be true.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith returned to town a few days ago. They are both very well, and the Grange is once more hospitably open to their many friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Grasett and Mrs. H. J. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Miss Todd and Miss Henderson sailed for England from Boston this week.

Mrs. Charles Kingsmill has left for the Antipodes, to join her husband, and promises to return to Toronto in January.

Mrs. J. M. Shuttleworth, Miss Mary Shuttleworth of Brantford, Mr. C. E. Doolittle, Mr. C. M. Doolittle of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray of Dunkirk, Mrs. J. A. Burwash, Miss Ruby Burwash of Jarvis, Mrs. J. Barton Taylor, Mrs. J. Hesler of Waterloo, Mrs. Wilder, Miss Wilder of Goderich, Mrs. Henry Zills, Mrs. Robert Thin of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Drayton, Mr. Reginald Leadley, Miss Roate, Mr. H. J. Aylward, Miss L. Drynan, Mrs. Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. J. W. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baillie, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Harley Davidson, Mrs. J. V. Drynan, Master J. Drynan, Mr. J. B. Williams, Mrs. George Hannington, Mrs. W. L. Smith, Mrs. Williamson, Miss S. E. Sweetnam, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Miss S. Hamilton, Miss May Jarvis of Toronto, Mrs. Walter Finkel, Miss Bristol of Dunkirk, N.Y., Mrs. John Ardagh of Barrie, Mr. J. Muir of Hamilton, Mrs. J. Carter Irwin of Pic-

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

### The best Tonic and System Regulator for Spring

It purifies the blood and improves the tone of every organ in the body.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water in the morning after breakfast.

Sold by all druggists.

## Too Stout For Comfort?

Now is the summer of the stout person's discomfort made happy by Dr. Minhall's tablets.

Minhall's obesity tablets will positively reduce superfluous flesh, quickly and safely. Every box is positively guaranteed and we have never received one claim.

One month's treatment in plain sealed package for \$2.00. The Dr. Minhall Co., Box 404, London, Ont.

ton, Mr. Fred C. Loh, Mr. John E. Boldt of Buffalo, have registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, recently.

The Toronto friends of Miss Emily R. Grossmith of Boston, Mass., were greatly pained to hear of her death, which took place at her parents' residence on the 31st ult. Miss Grossmith was a niece of Mrs. S. Worden of this city.

The marriage took place at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, London, of Mr. Philip Henry Bartlett, barrister-at-law, Osgoode Hall, to Miss Charlotte Ethel May Dillon. As the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her stepfather, Mr. S. Kelso Davidson, the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bride was handsomely gowned in ivory duchess satin, trimmed with lace; she wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms, and was preceded up the aisle by her maid of honor, little Miss Constance Allardye, in a white silk accordion-pleated frock and large chiffon hat; she wore the gift of the bride, a necklace, with heart attached bearing the monogram of the bride and groom. The page, Master Haldane Chinnery Davidson, was in black velvet breeches and coat and white satin waistcoat. The bridesmaid was Miss Helen Dillon, in cream silk and white picture hat. Captain T. E. Robson, M.P.P., was best man. The talented organist, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, presided at the organ, and played at intervals through the solemn service. The church was beautiful with Easter flow-

ers. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of Mr. S. Kelso Davidson.

Miss Annie J. Proctor, who gave a very successful piano recital at the Metropolitan School of Music on the 17th inst., is a sister of the clever young actress, Catherine Proctor, of Maude Adams' company.

Mr. Robin Boyle of Niagara Falls, Ont., spent Wednesday in town, saying good-bye to friends before leaving for Africa with the Mounted Rifles.

Mrs. J. Greer and Mrs. G. W. Watts have returned from a two weeks' visit at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. F. C. Armstrong, a young Canadian well known to many Toronto friends, now in the employ of the large electric engineering firm of Dick, Kerr & Co., London, England, is at present in Egypt on a business trip for his employers. Mrs. Armstrong, who was a daughter of Mrs. MacCallum, Cobourg, accompanies her husband.

The choice of the Queen of the Carnival of Musical Romances which elevated Miss Mildred Stewart to that dignity was a recognition of rare ability, personal charm, and a sweet willingness to do her very best for the success of the entertainment, which combined rarely in this fine girl. Everyone says so, and it must be true.

An old English May fete will be held in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, in aid of funds for purchasing the School of the Sisters of the Church (Anglican) on Thursday, May 15. Reserved seats 35 cents, entrance 25 cents.

The engagement is announced of Miss Theresa Kormann, daughter of Mrs. M. E. Kormann of Bloor street east, to Mr. Ambrose J. Small of Toronto.

Miss Jessie Mills is visiting her sister, Mrs. Arthur W. Draper, at Chicago Beach Hotel.

Mrs. George Binns of 31 Metcalfe street will not receive again this season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen McKechnie, youngest daughter of the late D. H. McKechnie of London, Ont., to Mr. Harold L. Vorcoe of Winnipeg (formerly of Toronto). The marriage will take place at the end of the month. Miss McKechnie is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Kipp, 546 Bathurst street.

The marriage of Mr. George Gooderham Mitchell and Miss Zulu Emmeline Buchanan takes place in St. James' Cathedral next Wednesday at half-past two. A reception will be held at Mr. Buchanan's residence, 136 St. George street, after the ceremony.

Mrs. Hayter Reed of Quebec, daughter of Chief Justice Armour, has been visiting relatives in Toronto. She returned home this week, after a pleasant sojourn among friends always delighted to enjoy her clever and entertaining companionship. The Chief Justice has just obtained six months' leave of absence from official duties, a well-earned holiday.

Mrs. Morrow (nee Macdonald of Oaklands) has returned to her home in Halifax.

Mr. Kenneth Macbeth of Cecil street has gone to Halifax, en route to South Africa.

Mrs. Mara and Miss Suzanne Mara are to visit London during the coronation festivities. They are going first to see Mrs. Wismayer in Germany, who, as Miss Mary Mara, was so clever a musician and so popular in Toronto.

A spring visit to Muskoka is being arranged by Mrs. Robert Myles and her daughters for a party of a dozen. They will go up the first week in May, I believe. Spring and fall have their own attractions in Canada's lovely summer playground, one of which is that the visitors have it practically all to themselves.

Dr. W. H. Drummond came up to town for an evening's "habitant" talk at the Massey Hall, and was during his stay the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston in St. George street. Thursday night he interested and pleased a cultured audience with his readings and recitations, which no one gives with anything like the same charm and naturalness. There has been quite a succession of varying good things at Massey Hall lately—music, song, spectacle, lecture and readings. Mr. Plunket Greene says farewell to America very soon, and is to sing at Massey Hall on Monday, with a couple of interesting debutantes with him on the programme. Many of his favorite songs are promised on that evening, and requests are numerous for this or that from his admirers. Mr. Greene al-

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Reef  
Grass  
Rubber**

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of the season. Other fancy forms  
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447 Yonge St.**Social and Personal.**

**A** VERY pretty house wedding  
took place on Wednesday even-  
ing, when Miss Bertha Samp-  
son was married at the resi-  
dence of her mother, 526 Bathurst  
street, to Mr. W. A. MacKinnon, B.A.,  
of Ottawa. The bride was exquisitely  
gowned in cream crepe de Paris,  
trimmed with chiffon and medallions,  
over brocade silk, and carried a show-  
er bouquet of roses and lilies of the  
valley. She was attended by her sister,  
Miss Lella Sampson, in dainty  
mauve organdie, and Miss Margaret  
Cook, who wore a pretty gown of gray  
voile. Mr. W. B. Hendry, B.A., of To-  
ronto, was best man, and the groom's  
brother, Mr. Ronald MacKinnon, of  
Grimsby, was bride's usher. The cere-  
mony was performed by the Rev. John  
Muir of Grimsby, and the bride was  
given away by her brother, Mr. W. E.  
Sampson. The bride's going-away cos-  
tume was a navy blue suit of Austrian  
cloth, with embroidered velvet trim-  
mings, and a pretty bisque hat. Nu-  
merous well-chosen gifts testified to  
the popularity of the bride and groom  
and the good-will of their many  
friends. Some sixty guests were pre-  
sent at the happy event, among whom  
were Mr. and Mrs. D. J. MacKinnon,  
parents of the groom, and Miss Mac-  
Kinnon of Grimsby, Mrs. Alexander  
Sampson, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Sampson,  
Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. and Mrs.  
Harold Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. An-  
derson, Mr. John S. MacKinnon, Dr.  
P. N. G. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Frank  
Ford, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jeffrey and  
Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilkinson of To-  
ronto, Dr. and Mrs. Angus MacKinnon  
of Guelph, Mr. T. Gibson of In-  
gersoll, Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon leave  
at once for Europe, where they will  
spend several months. On their re-  
turn they will reside in Ottawa. On  
Wednesday evening a musicale and  
dance were the bright finale of the  
wedding festivities. The gentlemen of  
the wedding party were boutonniere  
of Marguerites, in honor of the bride's  
childhood name, "Daisy."

Every seat in the ballroom was filled  
with an overflow party in the musi-  
cians' gallery at McConkey's on Tues-  
day evening, to greet Mr. Blight on  
his Toronto debut as a concert singer.  
To say the affair was a success is only  
what reporters say of mediocre events  
to which they are moved to be kind.  
This was a very high-class recital in-  
deed—a very book of songs, by a  
young, fresh voice, well trained and,  
though still lacking assured freedom,  
deep, rich and true. With time, Mr.  
Blight's singing will be further graced  
by the carelessness of finished and ex-  
perienced art; just now he is, and  
most justly, over-consciousness and  
careful that he does mechanical justice  
to every note. As for the ever-delight-  
ful Julie Wyman, her art is so con-  
summate and her voice so inexhausti-  
bly rich in mellow sweetness, clear-  
ness and magnetism that no praise  
can further set it forth. She also sang  
songs without end, but refused to be  
"drawn" by the encore fiend. She  
looked well, and was, with Mr. Blight,  
the recipient of handshakes and thanks  
innumerable from her intimates after  
the concert. The pleasant habit of  
"petit souper" will be more general  
after these good and reasonably short  
concerts, if they are held more gener-  
ally in McConkey's ballroom, which,  
though not admirably adapted acous-  
tically, is just the right size for a nice  
audience, and one's "souper" can be  
ordered on the spur of the moment and  
arranged in large or small party with-  
out quitting the building, which is a  
huge saving in time and trouble. Mrs.  
Wyman had a "petit souper" at her  
own home in Gloucester street, and  
several coteries took something more  
or less substantial at the restaurant.  
In the very smart audience were Miss  
Mowat and the Government House  
party, Captain Straubenzie, A.D.C., in  
attendance, Mrs. and Miss Falcon-  
bridge, Mrs. and Miss James, Mr. and  
Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Kings-  
mill, Miss Peters of London, Mrs. Har-  
man, her hostess, and Mr. Willie  
Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hous-  
ton, Mrs. Garratt and Miss Florence  
Littlehales, Dr. and Mrs. the Misses  
Macdonald of Simcoe street, Mr. and  
Mrs. Tom Delamere, Mrs. Keams and  
her guest and sister, Mrs. Gordon,  
Mrs. and Miss Mary Miles, Dr. and  
Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Muir,  
the Misses McLeod of St. George  
street, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. and  
Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Willie  
Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. and  
Miss Nordheimer of Glenedryth, Mrs.  
and Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge,  
Mr. and Mrs. James George, Mrs. Lail-  
law and Miss Gunther, Mr. Boland,  
Mr. George Doherty, Mr. and Mrs.  
Warren, Captain Kay, Mr. W. Gould-  
ing, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs.  
W. Biggar, Mrs. and Miss Peplar, Mrs.  
G. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cox, Mr.  
Bert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Seely Brush,  
Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Coates of Ottawa,  
Mrs. F. J. Campbell and Miss Blaikie,  
Mr. and Miss Armour, and a perfect  
garden of pretty girls, some of them  
promising pupils of Mrs. Wyman. In  
a corner of the gallery were two young  
ladies who followed the singers with

rapt attention, Miss Louise Blight and  
Miss Loraine Wyman, and many kind  
glances went their way, admiring their  
fresh young beauty and naive absorp-  
tion in brother and mother and joy in  
their gift of song.

A very pretty though quiet wedding  
was solemnized at Grace Church, Ot-  
tawa, when Mr. E. Preston Johnson of  
the engineering staff of the A.C. and  
H.B. Railway, Sault Ste. Marie, son of  
Mr. E. V. Johnson of the Department  
of Railways and Canals, and Miss Lil-  
lian Gemmell, eldest daughter of the  
late John J. Gemmell, were married.  
The ceremony was performed by Rev.  
J. S. Gorman, only the relatives being  
present. The church was attractively  
arranged with plants and cut flowers.  
In the absence of her brothers, the  
bride was given away by Mr. W. A. D.  
Lees. She looked very charming in  
ivory satin with bertha of real lace,  
trimmed with Liberty ruchings, and a  
silk fringed chiffon sash. She wore  
veil and orange blossoms and carried  
bride roses, lily of the valley and  
maiden hair ferns. The bridesmaid was  
Miss Anna Gemmell, who was becom-  
ingly gowned in pale blue silk organdie,  
black picture hat, and carried pink  
roses. Miss Marjorie Johnson, sister  
of the groom, and Miss Marjorie Shaw,  
cousin of the bride, were maids of  
honor. They looked well in their dainty  
dresses of white silk dimity, with  
Valenciennes lace trimmings, flower-  
covered Leghorn hats and picturesque  
long-handled baskets of smilax and  
carnations. The groomsmen were Mr.  
W. H. Walker of the Governor-Gen-  
eral's office, Messrs. T. P. Johnson and  
Arthur Lightfoot were ushers. Mrs.  
Gemmell, mother of the bride, was  
handsomely gowned in black peau de  
soie, trimmed with sequins, vest of  
embroidered chiffon and bonnet of  
white silk chiffon, lace and jet.  
Mrs. A. Campbell Shaw, Chicago, was  
black and white Liberty satin, with  
blue panne velvet trimmings, and  
large black and white hat. Mrs. John-  
son, mother of the groom, wore black  
silk. Miss Johnson wore light foun-  
lard, with trimmings of purple velvet  
and lace. Miss Edna Johnson was in  
blue and white silk, with trimmings of  
chiffon and black velvet. The bride's  
going-away dress was of navy blue  
brocade, tailor-made, with cream  
straw hat with forget-me-nots. After  
the ceremony a reception was held at  
the home of the bride's mother, 84 Mc-  
Laren street. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson  
left on the 4.10 train for Montreal, Bos-  
ton and other points, and on their re-  
turn will reside at Sault Ste. Marie.  
The presents were both lovely and  
valuable, and included a number of  
checks. Gifts were received from  
friends in Chicago, St. Paul, Montreal,  
Winnipeg, California. The groom's gift  
to the bride was a handsome gold  
chain, to the bridesmaid a turquoise-  
set ring, and to the maids of honor  
pearl pins.

Mrs. N. Bascombe Darrell (nee John-  
son) held her post-nuptial receptions on  
Thursday and Friday afternoons, April  
24 and 25, at the residence of her moth-  
er, Mrs. Reginald Case, 681 Ontario  
street.

Mrs. R. J. Wilson, West Bloor street,  
will not receive again this season.

The many friends of Miss Sadie How-  
ard will learn with regret of her de-  
parture for Boston, she having ac-  
cepted a position in one of the large  
hospitals of that city.

A pretty house wedding took place  
on Wednesday afternoon, April 15, at  
12 Lowther avenue, when Miss Otta-  
Parsons, daughter of Major William  
Parsons, and Mr. Barton Shenstone  
Harris, son of Rev. Elmore Harris,  
were married by the Rev. Elmore  
Harris, D.D., father of the bridegroom,  
assisted by the Rev. William Hincks,  
L.L.B. The ceremony took place in the  
bay window of the drawing-  
room, which was banked with palms  
and Easter lilies. The drawing-room  
was white and green, the mantel being  
banked with ferns and white carna-  
tions. The bridegroom and his groom-  
smen, Mr. Saxon Shenstone, B.A.,  
awaited the bride, who entered the  
room with her father, down an aisle  
formed with white ribbons. She was  
preceded by her bridesmaid, Miss Alma  
Parsons, her sister, who wore a frock  
of pale blue crepe de soie, over blue  
silk, trimmed with white lace and ap-  
plique, and a wreath of Marguerites.  
She carried a bouquet of Marguerites.  
The bride's gown was of ivory duchess  
satin, with a transparent ruche of  
embroidered chiffon, and folded bodice.  
A spray of orange blossoms was in her  
dark hair, and her veil of tulle was  
worn off the face. Her bridal bouquet  
was of white roses, with trailing sprays  
of lily of the valley. An orchestra,  
which was hidden behind a bank of  
palms and ferns, played the bridal  
march from "Lohengrin" as the bride  
party entered the room, and also  
played softly throughout the cere-  
mony, followed by Mendelssohn's  
"Wedding March" at the close of the  
service, when Mrs. H. W. Parker sang  
a beautiful solo from "Ruth." Mr. and  
Mrs. Harris then received the con-  
gratulations of their friends, most of  
whom were the immediate relatives of  
the bride and bridegroom. The ushers  
were Mr. J. L. Rowlett Parsons, B.A.,  
M.E., and Mr. W. R. Wellington Par-  
sons, brothers of the bride; Mr. E. C.  
Clark and Mr. Fred Harris. The bride's  
mother wore a handsome gown of la-  
vender moire antique, veiled in black  
lace and violets. The dejeuner was  
served in the dining-room, where the  
circular table was decorated with pink  
satin ribbon, the wedding cake in the  
center, vases of pink beauty roses, sil-  
ver candelabra with white shades. The  
mantel was banked with pink roses  
and smilax. The bride's traveling  
gown was of castor cloth, trimmed  
with folds and lapels of white moire  
antique and Persian trimming, with a  
smart French hat to match. Mr. and  
Mrs. Harris were seen off at the train  
later in the afternoon by the bridal  
party. In a large room upstairs the  
exquisite gifts were displayed, the  
cards of the donors having been re-  
moved. The bridegroom's gift to the  
bride was a magnificent diamond pen-  
dant. Some of the invited guests, most  
of whom were present, were Mrs. El-  
more Harris, who wore a becoming  
gown of gray grenadine; Miss Helen  
Harris, who was in bisque crepe, with  
a becoming hat; Miss Housser was in

**Shower Bouquets  
of Bridal Roses.**

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rect thing for a fashionable wedding  
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LIQUID RENNET**

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Flavored with fruit essence or served with  
preserved or fresh crushed fruits makes a  
delicious dessert. Prepared by

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Invitations...**

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gest for the treatment of interiors. We  
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TORONTO. HAMILTON.

pale blue crepe de chine, with a be-  
coming poke hat; Mrs. Housser's  
gown was of pale green voile on taffeta,  
with a gold-embroidered front, arranged  
with cream lace applique, and hat of  
black and white; Miss Anna L. Clark  
wore pale blue silk crepe, trimmed with  
cream lace, and a white chiffon hat,  
with roses; Miss Minnie Lindsey was  
in pale gray, with white satin and  
cream lace trimmings, and hat of white  
moiré; Miss May Lindsey wore an  
eau de Nile frock, with lace, and girlish  
white hat; Mrs. T. M. Harris wore an  
exquisitely brocade gown; Mr.  
and Mrs. Lloyd Harris and Mrs.  
John Harris of Bradford, Mr. and  
Mrs. Willie Symons and Mrs. Lutz,  
Mr. John Housser, Rev. Dr. Badgley  
and Mrs. Badgley, Dr. J. Alfred Car-  
bert, Mrs. Carbert, Miss Hazel Car-  
bert, Miss Belle Carbert of Grand Ra-  
pids, Mich., Dr. and Mrs. George Dana  
Porter, Mr. Johnston of Lindsay, Mr.  
and Mrs. John Reid of New York, Mrs.  
Donnelly of Chicago, Mr. W. P. Clark,  
Miss Kent and Miss Lillian Kent, Mr.  
and Mrs. Joseph Shenstone and Miss  
Shenstone, Mr. J. B. Clark of Lucknow,  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Shenstone, Mr. and  
Mrs. Gurney Still, Miss Mabel Chown,  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Blake-Niles, Dr. and  
Mrs. Erdman of Philadelphia, Mr. A.  
Shenstone of New York.

The usual Horse Show luncheon,  
dinners and suppers were given on the  
three days of the week devoted to that  
event. Mr. Beardmore entertained royally  
at Chudleigh, Mr. Albert Nord-  
heimer, Senator and Mrs. Melvin  
Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Mann at Mc-  
Conkey's; Mr. Scott, Mr. Cockshutt,  
Colonel Smith of London, Mr. and  
Hendrie and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Mac-  
donald at the Toronto Club, Mrs. Mac-  
Mahon gave a tea for Mrs. Henry San-  
ford.

The "Midas-touch," which has been  
so apparent in all Lieutenant-Colonel  
Pellatt's business ventures, has not  
caused his generosity nor esprit de  
corps any shrinkage. His pocket is al-  
ways full, and his good right hand al-  
ways quick to scatter gold for the  
honor and profit of that splendid corps  
which he has the honor to command.  
No sooner is he booked for the com-  
mand of the coronation contingent  
than he offers to frank the bugle band  
of the Q.O.R. as the crack bugle band  
of the century, to good old London. The  
only difficulty now in the way is whether  
a suitable corner can be found to  
stow away "little (rifegreen) mes" in  
the gorgeous ceremonial. Probably  
that will even be done for the smart  
buglers and drummers who marched  
out on Wednesday evening as if they  
owned the town. But how they'll  
"blow" over there!

**"Breakfast  
Tastes Good"**

Eat that new Cereal

Food, Wheat Marrow, for breakfast and be satisfied. It  
gives mental and physical poise and courage to do and  
dare.

You can prepare it for the table quick  
as a wink and in half a hundred  
different ways. Try it for your  
better health. It gives zest to jaded  
appetites. "Breakfast tastes good"  
if you eat Wheat Marrow.

**Wheat  
Marrow**

Best grocers sell it.

**It's smart if it's  
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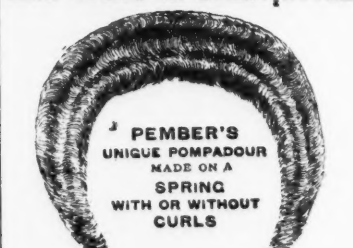
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# TAINTED GOLD

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON  
Author of "The Three Scars."

## CHAPTER I. The Initials.

IT was nearly half-past seven, and the actors and actresses engaged at the Duke of Clarence's Theater had begun to come in at the stage door. Those who played "character" parts and had a "heavy make-up" arrived first, some of them looking into the stage-doorkeeper's little box of a room to see if there were any letters for them in the rack, or else passing on with a nod and a "good evening" to the doorkeeper himself. Next came the youngest recruits, who had been amateurs more lately than they would have liked to admit. They were early, because they took the labor of making-up very seriously, and were longer about dressing than anybody else. But old stagers or newly-fledged "artists" all found time to throw a glance of curiosity at a man who stood, in the attitude of one who waited, near the doorkeeper's chair.

If a drama of the Wild West had been holding the boards he might have "walked on" and played a part, dressed exactly as he was now; for he wore a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat, a flannel shirt with a turn-over collar that showed a throat like a column of bronze, and his other clothes had certainly not been made by an English tailor. His dark hair, however, was cut far too short to carry out the cowboy idea, and his face, aquiline and clear-cut as a cameo, with an eagle keenness of eye, was clean-shaven.

He saw that he formed an object of interest for the actors, but it was his snifter, evidently, to appear not to see. The walls of the stage-doorkeeper's little room were adorned with old play-bills, old and new portraits of theatrical celebrities—a few in cheap frames, but more cut from the illustrated papers—and on these, as the people went through their dressing-rooms, the young man ostentatiously fixed his eyes.

"What time does Mr. Anderson usually come in?" he asked of Hansey, the doorkeeper, when a clock over the empty fireplace pointed to the quarter before eight.

"He ought to be along in about fifteen minutes now, for we ring up sharp at half-past," returned Hansey. "But he's a quick dresser, is Mr. Anderson."

Mr. Anderson was the manager of the Duke of Clarence's Theater, and the star actor as well.

"Good evening, Mr. Hansey. Any letters for me, I wonder?" suddenly spoke a sweet, bright voice at the open door, and a girl's head was thrust in—a pretty head, under a neat toque of dark straw.

Hansey jumped up from his chair, and hurried across the room, hoping to have the pleasure of handing the newcomer's letters to her before she could get them herself. But she was too quick for him.

"Oh, what a lot there are to-night!" she exclaimed. Then she looked at the stranger, who had taken off his wide-brimmed hat in her honor—a thing that he had failed to do for the two or three other ladies who had already passed in.

The look this girl gave him was different from theirs, and the man felt the difference, though it would have been hard to explain. She was saying to herself, "I wonder who that bronze statue is? Poor fellow, he's anxious or unhappy about something. Perhaps he's come to try for an engagement, though it would be a funny hour for that. He looks interesting, and I'm sorry for him if he wants something he can't get."

With these thoughts in her mind naturally there was an expression of sympathy on her face; and this time the young man did not stare at the pictures on the wall. Instead he glanced at the girl, and glanced away again reluctantly as most men did when their eyes had drunk the fascination of hers.

It was a very innocent, youthful sort of fascination, not in the least conscious or studied or "actressy," and perhaps in that fact lay part of its charm, for she was different from the others. One seemed to smell wall-flowers and mignonette steeped in morning dew, and to think of dawn in the country as she passed and smiled, actress though she was.

"Yes, miss, a lot of letters," Hansey echoed. "I'll be 'mash' letters, miss, half of 'em, I'll bet," and he chuckled, for he was a privileged character at the Duke of Clarence's, and took advantage of his privileges.

"How horrid of you to say such a thing," the girl reproached him, and departed, closely followed by a rather elderly maid who had remained in the background while her mistress gathered up her correspondence.

"Who is that young lady?" enquired the "bronze statue" when she had disappeared along the passage which led to the stage and the dressing-rooms.

"That's Miss Winifred Gray, the most popular person in this theater," answered Hansey, with the air of a man conveying information worth having. "Have you never been in front, then?"

"No, I'm a stranger in England," said the young man. "I've never been to any theater in this country."

"Then what have you come after Mr. Anderson for?" was the question on the stage-doorkeeper's lips, but he did not ask it, partly because the matter was not his business, and partly because at that moment Mr. Anderson himself came into the theater.

He was not visible yet, but a deep voice, trained to the mellowness of accents, spoke in the passage just outside Hansey's room; and instantly Hansey's face changed. "There's the governor now," he half-whispered to his companion.

The young man had come in, saying that he wished to wait for Mr. Anderson, who had asked him to call at the theater that evening, but Hansey—

while granting standing room in his little box—had hardly believed the assertion. He could do no less than take the stranger's word, for if he sent him away and there really had been an appointment, Mr. Anderson would be angry; and when Mr. Anderson was angry he was very disagreeable indeed. However, the stage-doorkeeper would be surprised if the gentleman in the flannel shirt and wide-brimmed hat were not sent away with a snub or passed by without any notice at all.

As the actor-manager slowly approached with some friend he was bringing in, Hansey threw a sharp, sidelong glance at his companion. But the handsome brown face showed no sign of trepidation at the coming of the great man.

Evidently George Anderson was in a bad temper to-night. "Do look out and don't stumble, Macaire," he was saying. "This is the worst stage entrance in London. Beasley place!"

Then two men came in sight of the other two who stood in the doorkeeper's room. One was exceptionally tall, exceptionally good-looking, with wavy brown hair, worn rather long, dreamy dark eyes (they kept their dreaminess even in bad humor), and a Greek profile, unspotted by beard or moustache. The second was so hideous that the stranger had to repress an exclamation of horror as his eyes first fell upon him.

He was short and stoutly built, and walked with a limp. There was something about his figure, too, which vaguely suggested deformity, though perhaps because a clever tailor helped him keep the secret—it was impossible to fasten upon the exact cause of the startling impression.

But it was his face which sent a creeping chill through the veins of the man or woman who saw it for the first time, and drove children who looked at it shrieking to their mothers.

Some horrible accident must have happened to spoil the face in the past, and what it might have been before that time it was impossible to guess. For all that one could tell it might have been the most perfect face ever made; but it was now the most grotesque since Caliban's.

The accident which wrought such havoc had destroyed the skin from chin to forehead, leaving a deep, purplish redness, a peculiar glaze which gave the appearance of a thin coat of varnish over raw flesh. No hair was left in the eyebrows, which might otherwise have been prominent, and one of the eyes had been injured, having a queer, ragged lower lid, while the upper lid drooped, thus giving its fellow a peculiar, staring effect. The eyes were yellowish in color, very light, appearing lighter than they were in contrast to the dull red of the face with its marred and shapeless features.

"I thought you were going to speak to Mr. Anderson," said the doorkeeper, not without sarcasm, when both gentlemen had passed on, followed by the actor-manager's valet. "But you never made a move."

"It was the other man," answered the stranger. "His awful face took my wits away for a minute. I must ask you to send my name to Mr. Anderson instead."

"You may well say an awful face," Hansey rejoined, ignoring the request in his new interest, "and yet there ain't many women in England wouldn't be willin' to have it for their husband's face. That's as rich a man as there is in London. Where others have thousands, he's got millions. His name's Macaire—Lionel Macaire; but he's called another name behind his back—whether he knows it or not—Nero the Second." He struck up a Nipper with the governor just lately, and comes behind with him once in a while.

"He looks a monster," said the handsome, aquiline-faced stranger.

"So he does. And there's those who say he's as bad as he looks—as bad as his nickname, though it ain't only his evil ways have earned him the name, I believe, but something else. If he's got enemies though, he's got friends as well—heaps of 'em."

"I don't think I should care to be one of them," said the young man; for he had no inkling of the surprises which Fate had hidden in her sleeve. "But look here, will you take or send my name to Mr. Anderson?"

"Not a bit of use doing that till Mr. Macaire's gone out again," pronounced Hansey. "For the governor never sees anyone, no matter how important, when Mr. Macaire's with him—I know."

## A China Head

Comes From Tea Drinking.

A lady writes from Shanghai, China: "In the summer of '98, husband and I were traveling through Southern Europe, and I was finally laid up in Rome with a slow fever. An American lady gave me some Postum Food Coffee, which I began using at once. It was my sole breakfast and supper. In a short time the change in my physical condition was wonderful to see. I will never travel again without Postum."

"When we arrived in Shanghai we were in an English community, and found ourselves in the midst of the four o'clock tea custom. Before long we began to have sleepless nights and nervous days as a result of our endeavors to be amiable and conform to custom."

"As soon as it could arrive from San Francisco we had a large supply of Postum Food Coffee, and began its use at the four o'clock tea table. I cannot tell how popular the coffee table became for afternoon callers. In fact, a number of the business men, as well as missionaries, use Postum now wholly in place of tea, and the value of the change from coffee and tea cannot be estimated." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can effect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 99 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you, anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state name of your dealer, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 23, Racine, Wis.

that. Or perhaps Mr. Macaire may go in front, in which case he won't pass this way. When the curtain's rung up and the governor's on the stage I'll find out for you. Mr. Anderson's first scene isn't a long one, and he hasn't to change between that and the next. He often sees people then."

"Nevertheless, I should be very much obliged if you'd send the card now," said the other.

He had an agreeable voice—the voice of a gentleman—but it was not the voice of an English gentleman. Neither was it like that of any American whom Hansey had ever heard speak; and the doorkeeper's curiosity grew as the persistence and the personality of the stranger impressed themselves upon him. Who could this queer fellow be who dressed like a cowboy, had never been inside an English theater, who let the "governor" go by without an attempt to catch him, yet who appeared so calmly confident of the effect which his name would create?

Shrugging his shoulders in his conviction that Mr. Anderson would not let himself be bothered by this unknown person, Hansey nevertheless went off himself with the card. The passage was dimly lighted; but when he had picked his way across the stage, through a confusion of scenery that was being rolled down by silent men in list slippers, he came out into a more brilliant region. There, before knocking at the door of the actor-manager's dressing-room, Hansey held the card near his eyes, and read what its sender had written. "Hope Newcome, introduced by F. E. Z." was scrawled upon it in pencil.

Hansey, little wiser than before, tapped on the panel. The door was flung open after an instant's delay, the figure of Mr. Anderson's valet blocking up the aperture. The card was received, and carried through the ante-room to the dressing-room, while the stage-doorkeeper waited outside for his answer.

George Anderson took the bit of pasteboard somewhat impatiently from the hand of his servant, and read the name and initials which followed aloud. But as he reached the initials his voice changed. "By Jove—F. E. Z.," he exclaimed, and turned impulsively to his friend, who sat on a sofa looking quietly on at the process of making-up.

Never before had Anderson seen Lionel Macaire's face pale, but to his surprise the purplish flush had partly faded away. The man looked ghastly.

## CHAPTER II.

In Winifred's Dressing-Room.

Mr. Anderson and the leading lady both dressed near the stage; but Winifred Gray was not the leading lady, and she and her maid Jameson had to go up a short flight of stairs.

Jameson opened the door and turned on the electric light, while her mistress followed slowly, with a friendly glance round the little room as if she loved it. And she did love it dearly. It was still new to her to be acting in a great London theater, and every night when she came to her dressing-room she felt the same thrill of excitement that had tingled through her nerves when she first took possession.

She had a good salary, but there were many uses for it, and she had not much money to spend on beautifying her dressing-room with exquisite rugs and curtains and hangings as Mrs. Peter Carlton, the leading lady, did. Still, she had made it look very cosy, and in her eyes it was perfect.

A small basket lounge, with two or three fluffy silk cushions, stood against the "disappointed" wall. Here Winifred sometimes lay down to rest between a matinee and an evening performance, having her dinner sent in from a restaurant near by, for the weather were bad and she did not care to go out. Above the lounge was a shelf with some of Winifred's favorite books, and there were a few framed photographs and a water-color painting or two by an admirer who was a "coming artist." In one corner stood a long Psyche mirror, provided by the "management," and another large mirror was tilted over the dressing-table, which held materials for making-up.

One side of the wall was covered with a great sheet, under which hung the various dresses which Winifred wore in the play, and another sheet was suspended underneath the frocks to keep them from contact with the

wall. The upper sheet Jameson removed from the hooks to which it was fastened by rings, and from the collection of pretty garments it had protected took a Japanese dressing-gown which she laid over the back of a chair in front of the table.

It was early still, and Winifred curled up on the lounge to look through her letters, slowly drawing out hair-pins and pulling off gloves as she read, while Jameson moved about the room preparing for the business of the evening. She folded up the big clean towel which had covered the neatly-arranged make-up things on the table, laid out other towels on the stationary wash-hand-stand, and lit the gas-jet surrounded by a wire cage, which was needed, despite the electric lighting, for heating the dark blue grease-paint which Winifred used on her eyelashes for stage effect.

Meantime the girl was laughing over her letters. The doorkeeper's vulgarly-worded prophecy had proved correct, for the budget largely consisted of declarations of admiration from silly youths, whose names she had never heard, and appeals for her portrait or autograph from girls who thought it must be "simply too lovely to be on the stage."

Presently all were finished and tossed aside, and Winifred gave herself into the hands of Jameson, who had the neat little tailor-made frock off and the Japanese dressing-gown on in a twinkling. The pretty blue enamel watch was pinned on the window curtain where Winifred could glance at it as she sat at the table to make up; and then down came the great coils of wavy yellow-brown hair, which the maid would arrange for the part her mistress played in the style of 1830.

Winifred would be quite beautiful by and when, powdered and delicately painted, her lips pointed into a red cupid's bow, her long dark lashes and the pencilled arch of her brows accentuated, her charming figure set off by a quaint gown of pink and green brocade, she made her first appearance of the evening. But she was far more bewitching now as she sat before the glass with her lovely hair gleaming and curling round her girlish shoulders, her white neck half exposed, and the roses and cream of her own charming, faintly sunburnt complexion untouched by stage make-up.

Perhaps some childish stirring of vanity had been roused by the adoring letters; at all events, as she looked in the mirror before dipping her fingers into the pot of cold cream, which smelt like violets, she told herself that she really was a very, very pretty girl, and she wondered if it had been only for her face, or because he believed she could act, that Mr. Anderson had summoned her to London, and his theater, from the provincial Shakespearean touring company in which she had made her debut.

"I do hope it was because I could act," she thought, "for anyone can be pretty." Then down went her fingers into the cold cream, and in another moment it would have been on her face had not her debarbed hand been arrested by a sharp tap at the door.

## CHAPTER III.

The Champion.

Jameson answered the knock at once, and Winifred heard the voice of "the governor's" valet. "Mr. Anderson's compliments, and will Miss Gray go as soon as she is dressed to the 'boudoir'?" It is something important!

"F. E. Z.," repeated George Anderson. "What memories those initials bring back to me! When I hear them—when I see them, I am a boy again. I suppose, Macaire, as you have lived so much of your life out of England, they suggest nothing to you?"

He asked this question with his dreamy eyes fixed on his friend's face, for he was still wondering at the sudden ashy pallor which overspread it, and asking himself if it could possibly have a connection with the initials that had caused his own emotion.

Lionel Macaire sat forward with elbows on knees, and hands hanging listlessly; but a slight quiver went through the gloved fingers, though his marred features remained passive.

"I once knew an actress who made those initials rather celebrated," he answered in the thick, yet harsh voice which sounded as if he had some chronic affection of the throat. "It was a long time ago."

"For my sake don't count the years," laughed Anderson, who was nearly fifty and looked thirty-three at most. He turned to his valet. "Send word to Mr. Newcome that I'll see him—"

"One minute!" interrupted the millionaire. "Does this Mr. Newcome come from—the lady with those initials?"

"That's what I want to find out," Anderson replied. "I had a letter from him this morning saying that she had recommended him to see me when he came to England—he didn't mention from where—and asking for an appointment. I was in a great hurry—just had time to meet you for our business talk—and I sent a verbal message by the boy who brought the note telling Newcome to call to-night about half-past seven. Then our conversation of to-day and everything connected with it put the man's existence out of my head, though I was really curious to see and question him, or I wouldn't have said he might come."

"Didn't you think he'd prefer to talk with you alone?" asked Macaire.

"I don't see why he should. He probably wants an engagement—it can't be anything more private than that. If you ever knew her you must have wondered over the mystery of her disappearance, as we all did; and now Winifred seems a chance of its being cleared up wouldn't you like to be on the spot?"

"It isn't a question of what I might like or dislike," broke in the millionaire. "I think it would be rather hard on the young man. I'll be gone in a few minutes if Miss Gray—"

"All right, old man; it's very considerate of you. Wallis—to his valet—say that I'll see Mr. Newcome during my first wait. Let him be brought to me in ten minutes to nine precisely."

"In the boudoir, or here, sir?"

"Mr. Anderson frowned slightly. The "boudoir" was an exceedingly pretty room on the other side of the stage, fitted up luxuriously by him for his own use in receiving certain favored friends.

It was particularly engaged for the

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early part of this evening, and a great deal hung upon the scene which would take place there. "I will see the gentleman here," returned the actor-manager.

The faithful and discreet Wallis went out into the ante-room to pass on the information to Hansey, who stood patiently waiting outside the door. As soon as his back was turned Lionel Macaire spoke again, in a lowered voice.

"If this young man asks you for an engagement, don't give him one. I'll explain why afterwards—when you've told me what he has to say about the lady."

"It will be rather hard to refuse a favor to an applicant sent by her," murmured Anderson, regretfully. But there was no rebellion in his mind. On this night, and in this theater, Lionel Macaire's wishes must be law; he only hoped that a certain person whom his thoughts named would see this necessity, this duty, as clearly as he did.

"You can keep his address, and hint at something for him later on, perhaps," suggested the millionaire. "Have you sent word to Miss Gray yet that she will be wanted?"

"No. There's been no time. But Wallis shall go at once."

"It will be better to let the message come from you, and keep me out of it."

"Oh, certainly. I quite understand." By this time Wallis was into these riding-boots," commanded his master, "and then take a message from me to Miss Gray's dressing-room. She's wanted on a matter of great importance in the boudoir at the end of the first act."

But Mr. Macaire, though he had caused Mr. Anderson's unknown visitor to be delayed, did not intend to take up any more of Mr. Anderson's time for the present. He rose and limped to the portiere which divided the dressing-room from the ante-room. His left foot was an artificial one, and though he never helped himself even by a stick, and very few people knew the cause of his lameness, he had a peculiar hobbling walk which added to the grotesqueness of his appearance.

"Well, I think I'll stroll out in front till the first act's off," he remarked. "See you later. Ta-ta!"

And so he was off. He had stopped just long enough to prevent the young man waiting in the doorkeeper's room from seeing the "governor" before the curtain went up, for already the orchestra was "rung in," and Mr. Anderson's first entrance as the hero was "worked up to" a few moments after the beginning of the act.

Anderson had many things to worry about that night, but despite the crowding anxieties he thought a great deal about "F. E. Z." and wondered, so much what sort of man she had sent him, as what that man would have to tell about her. He generally spent his "wait" during the first act either in the green-room or the boudoir, but this evening he did not delay a moment in getting back to his dressing-room. He had left word that Mr. Hope Newcome should be there at precisely ten minutes to nine, and as it was now almost on the hour the young man was already in the ante-room, observed somewhat suspiciously by Wallis, when the actor-manager arrived.

For the fraction of a second the two men looked at each other without speaking. "An extraordinarily handsome fellow, but where on earth did he spring from with that get-up?" Anderson was saying to himself.

"He's as handsome as she said," the younger man was thinking.

Then the manager smiled agreeably and held out his hand, for he wished to be conciliatory. "Mr. Newcome," he said, in his deep, rich voice, "you have been sent to me by the most beautiful woman in the world. Tell me of her."

"She is no longer in this world," answered the other, a shadow passing over his face.

"Dead!"

"Dead only four months ago."

"But I understood she sent you to me?"

"She advised me before she died to try and see you if I ever went to England. I started as soon as possible after her death."

"Ah! But she—why, she gave me my first engagement. I was only seventeen years old. When I recall her glorious face, it seems but yesterday."

"She told me. It is thirty years ago," George Anderson's dreamy eyes darkened, as they did when they were annoyed. He did not like being reminded of his age, especially when he was floating in romantic visions.

"You have not told me what she was to you?" he said, in a changed tone.

"She was a dear friend of my father's, and, through him, of mine."

"England and the English stage have been the poorer without her for—as you remind me—a good many years. I hope she spent them happily?"

"Only in some ways, I am afraid. She was very poor, and—she died almost in want. Still, she was loved. That is something—to be loved."

"It could not have been otherwise with her. There were many here who would have been only too glad to help her had they known. But her disappearance was a mystery which was never cleared up. I was hoping you might throw some light upon it."

"I know nothing of that," said the younger man, turning away his face, so that George Anderson could see the strong, aquiline profile. "She sent a message to you, though, in case I should ever meet you. It was her 'kindest remembrance'; and she thought of the past with which you were connected, very often, with great pleasure. She hoped you, too, sometimes recalled it."

"No one could ever forget her who had seen her even once!" exclaimed the actor, with genuine emotion. "She—"

—thought I might be of use to you, as her friend?"

"She knew I should need friends," the other amended. "And, as a matter of fact, Mr. Anderson, I have come to—"

"If this young man asks you for an engagement, don't give him one. I'll explain why afterwards—when you've told me what he has to say about the lady."

"It will be rather hard to refuse a favor to an applicant sent by her," murmured Anderson, regretfully. But there was no rebellion in his mind. On this night, and in this theater, Lionel Macaire's wishes must be law; he only hoped that a certain person whom his thoughts named would see this necessity, this duty, as clearly as he did.

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## SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

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GUARANTEED PURE. 100

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NEED CLEANING  
The winter's dust shows up badly when spring sunshine comes in at the windows. Send your fine lace curtains here and they will be cleaned with care and skill—the outcome of wide experience.

R. PARKER & CO.  
Byers and Cleaners, Toronto.  
201 and 203 Yonge St., 50 King St. West,  
471 and 473 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St.  
East.  
Phone: North 2011, Main 2145 and 1004,  
Park 95.

## MICA AXLE GREASE

Good for everything  
that runs on wheels.

Sold Everywhere.

Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

## Ontario Institute of Osteopathy

21 NORTH STREET  
(Close to Bloor Street West)

Consultation and examination free.  
Every facility for the treatment of disease  
without the use of drugs. We make a specialty  
of Chronic cases. Experienced lady assistant.  
Testimonials and literature upon application  
by mail or in person.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
Receive deposits of \$1.00 and upwards  
and allow interest at  
FOUR PER CENT.  
Interest calculated on daily balances  
and compounded half yearly.  
A. E. AMES, E. D. FRASER, A. E. WALLACE.

"Don't take drugs;  
drink Extra Stout."

When a physician  
prescribes Stout for his  
patients he generally  
recommends "Toronto  
Brewing Co's Stout"  
because he knows it is  
absolutely pure and the  
right tonic to build up  
the system.

AT ALL DEALERS

**Toronto Brewing Co.**  
Simcoe St. Toronto

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy  
to take as sugar.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. No Harmful  
Drugs.

STYLISH  
WOMEN  
WEAR

"Hagar"

SHOES

because a trim-clad  
foot sets off the  
toilet.

Sold  
only  
by—

H. & C. BLANCHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

night to ask if you will give me an en-  
gagement when you put on 'As You  
Like It,' as I hear you intend to do  
very soon."

"I'm exceedingly sorry, but my cast  
is all made up," the manager replied.  
"I read in the paper yesterday that  
the man you were to have had for the  
wrestler had disappointed you."

"That's true—though it was in the  
paper—but I must have the real thing,  
you know."

"I think I may call myself the real  
thing. I was champion of the ama-  
teurs in America."

"Indeed!" Anderson's eyes traveled  
from the handsome, dark face over the  
shapely, vigorous body in the queer  
clothes. "Then you are an American?"

"I didn't—pardon me!—recognize the  
accent. From what part of the States  
do you come? I know them a little."

The young man dropped his eyes. "I  
have lived in many parts of America,"  
he said.

"And you came to England because—  
but no, of course you did not come here  
merely with an eye to such an engage-  
ment as this?"

Hope Newcome looked straight into  
the actor's enquiring eyes with rather  
a strange and baffling expression. "I  
came to find something," he replied.  
And perhaps Anderson was mistaken  
in fancying that the words really  
meant more than they seemed to mean.

"I'm extremely sorry," said the actor,  
"but when you come to think of it,  
you will see for yourself that it's im-  
possible for me to give you an engage-  
ment as the wrestler, much as I should  
like to please you for the sake of one  
who is gone. You are a tall man, but  
you are not so tall as I by an inch or  
two, and, besides, as fits the difference  
in our years, I am of stouter build  
than you. Orlando would get little  
sympathy from the audience out of a  
match with a wrestler smaller than  
himself. I must remember the inter-  
ests of the play; and it would never  
do; don't you see that?"

"Perhaps," admitted Hope Newcome,  
"I had not thought of that point of  
view. At all events, thank you for  
seeing me. I'm afraid I've taken up a  
good deal of your time."

"Lord Arthur, please!" shouted the  
call-boy, outside the half-open door of  
the ante-room.

"Lord Arthur" was the name of the  
character played by Mr. Anderson;  
and this call told him that in five  
minutes at latest he must be at his en-  
trance to take up his cue.

"Not at all too much time," he po-  
litely answered his guest. "But I'm  
called. Is there something else I could  
do for you?"

His eyes added: "If you are hard up,  
I might be equal to a few pounds;"  
and Newcome read the eyes, and  
flushed. "Nothing else, thank you,"  
he said, hastily. "Good-night."

"If you'll leave your address with me,  
something might turn up," the actor  
went on, not forgetful of Lionel Mac-  
caire's instructions. But he had spoken  
too late. Already the young man  
sent him by "F. E. Z." was gone.

(To be continued.)

## Curious Bits of News.

There are thirteen peers in England  
who trace their descent from Oliver  
Cromwell. They all come through his  
fourth daughter, Frances. Though  
Oliver Cromwell had five sons, there is  
not a single surviving Cromwell in the  
male line.

The youngest governor in the United  
States is the newly inaugurated execu-  
tive of the State of Washington, Wil-  
liam McCroskey, aged twenty-eight,  
who recently succeeded ex-Governor  
Rogers. Mr. McCroskey is a native of  
Tennessee, a son of a Methodist clergy-  
man, and a university graduate.

The capacity of Ireland for sending  
out emigrants has been one of the  
marvels of the world. During 1901 the  
island sent out 29,870 emigrants, or nine  
in every 1,000 of population, of whom  
80.5 per cent. were between the ages of  
15 and 35. Even this large total is  
some 7,000 smaller than that of 1900.

The effects of electric traction in re-  
lieving the congestion of population in  
cities are now making themselves felt  
in Europe as they have in America. A  
census of Berlin gives the population  
at 1,901,567. The increase in popula-  
tion in the last year is only 12,357, as  
against an increase of 42,493 for the  
preceding year. This falling off in the  
year is attributed to the movement of  
the inhabitants to suburbs.

After twenty years, George T. Gam-  
brill of Baltimore has finally succeeded  
in collecting \$456 from the Baltimore  
and Ohio road, on an overcharge on a  
wheat shipment in 1882. The company  
ignored his claim at first, and he finally  
began to bombard the officials  
with postal-cards, which he sent by  
the thousand. Then he took to writing  
daintily scented notes, and that fetched

## A Burning Blacksmith

Changed Food and Put Out the Fire.

Even sturdy blacksmiths sometimes  
discover that, notwithstanding their  
daily exercise and resulting good  
health, if their food is not well selected  
trouble will follow, but in some cases  
a change of food to the right sort will  
quickly relieve the sufferer, for gener-  
ally such active men have fine consti-  
tutions and can, with a little change of  
diet, easily rid themselves of the dis-  
ease.

I. E. Overdorf, Vilas, Penn., a black-  
smith, says: "Two months ago I got  
down so bad with stomach troubles  
that I had to quit my business. About  
ten o'clock each morning I was at-  
tacked by burning pains in the stom-  
ach, so bad I was unable to work."

"Our grocerystman insisted upon my  
changing breakfasts and using Grape-  
Nuts Breakfast Food instead of the ordi-  
nary breakfast of meat, potatoes,  
etc. So I tried, and at once began to  
mend. The new food agreed with my  
stomach perfectly and the pains all  
ceased. I kept getting better and bet-  
ter every day, and now I am able to  
follow my business better than before  
in years. I am a thousand times  
obliged to the makers of Grape-Nuts  
for the great benefits the food has  
given."

## 'Tis a Pity

To Say "No."

Any Sick One Wrongs Himself When He Fails to  
Get My Book.

No Money is Wanted.

Tell me the name of a sick one and I will mail the book  
that is needed.

That is all I ask—just a postal card.

I have spent a lifetime in learning how to cure chronic  
troubles, and you should know what I learned.

Then, if you think me right, I will let you take the treat-  
ment at my risk.

I will even do this:

I will send with the book an order on your druggist for six  
bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He will let you take it for a  
month; then, if it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will  
pay your druggist myself.

I will leave the decision to you.

You cannot afford to say "no" to that offer.

A remedy so sure that it can stand a test like that must  
have remarkable merit.

Don't be incredulous, nor let prejudice deter you. Remem-  
ber that your health is at stake, and all I ask is a postal card.  
Find out what I know.

My Restorative strengthens the inside nerves, which no  
other remedy reaches. My book explains why.

I don't doctor the symptoms, nor the organs themselves.  
But I bring back the nerve power which alone makes all vital  
organs act.

If an engine was weak, you would give it more steam.  
That is what I do with weak organs. I give them more power;  
more nerve power. They do their duty then.

That is why I succeed where other treatments fail.

Sometimes I fail, too, but not often. Only when a cause,  
like cancer, makes a cure impossible.

In the past five years I have furnished my treatment to  
over 600,000 sick people on terms like these. My records show  
that 39 in each 40 paid for it.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you. If I suc-  
ceed, you are permanently well. If I fail, I alone am the loser.

They who need help, and who don't get my book, do them-  
selves an injustice and a wrong.

Simply state which book you want, and  
address Dr. Shoop, Box 23, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.  
Book No. 2 on the Heart.  
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.  
Book No. 4 for Women.  
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).  
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

the railroad, which has just settled the  
claim.

The Baconian cipherists of Shake-  
spear, spelled in that form, are ingenu-  
ously satirized by an anonymous Eng-  
lish writer, who demonstrates on  
their system that the Bard of Avon  
was the author of the Psalms of David.  
In the name of Shakespeare he finds  
that there are four vowels and six con-  
sonants, which combined make the  
whole number forty-six. The forty-  
sixth word in the forty-sixth Psalm  
is "shake," and the forty-sixth word  
from the end, excluding the word "Sel-  
ah," is "spear," which compounded, he  
claims, as plainly indicates the Shake-  
spearian authorship, as a similar sys-  
tem of cipher juggling proves the Ba-  
conian origin of Shakespeare's works.

There is some prospect at last of in-  
ternational action being taken to sup-  
press what is known as the "white  
slave traffic." To take only the case of  
England, it is perfectly well known  
that hundreds of English girls are ev-  
ery year lured under specious pretences  
to Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Buda-Pesth,  
and even to such distant capitals as  
Buenos Ayres, which has a malodorous  
reputation for this traffic. On the other  
hand, the importation of French and  
Italian girls into England is no-  
torious. The men and women who  
carry on the loathsome trade are  
known to the police, and there are few  
captains in the cross-Channel service  
who do not recognize the genial mat-  
rons who are "chaperoning" a bevy of  
girls from one jurisdiction to another.  
The conference, which is to meet in  
Paris on June 16, should lead to a  
general campaign against these ene-  
mies of society.

## A Surplus of Spinsters.

The Melancholy Revelation of the Latest  
London Census.

ACCORDING to the last London  
census there are in that huge  
metropolis two hundred and fifty  
thousand more women than  
men. In the four million five hundred

thousand souls that make up the popu-  
lation of the English capital, one mil-  
lion four hundred thousand are spin-  
sters, and nearly two hundred thousand  
are widows. Seventy-three of these  
latter are under twenty-one years of  
age. As possible mates for this one  
million six hundred thousand unat-  
tached females, there are one million  
three hundred thousand single men.  
This shows a surplus, roughly speak-  
ing, of three hundred thousand wo-  
men, who are likely to remain widows  
and maids unless they emigrate, or a  
plague breaks out among their more  
enterprising and attractive sisters,  
who, it is to be supposed, will end the  
bachelorhood of the one million three  
hundred thousand marriageable men.

This is a bad outlook for the spin-  
sters of London. Unless a miracle in-  
tervenes, three hundred thousand of  
them will go unloved to the grave. Even  
worse than that—and that is regarded  
as sufficient of a calamity on the other  
side of the water—a majority of them  
will probably be thrown on their own  
resources and have to earn their own  
bread, for if they had been women of  
means they would not have been left  
in maiden meditation, fancy free. Thus  
their position assumes tragic propor-  
tions. In any European country an  
unmarried woman supporting herself  
has an unenviable future. Should she  
be well-born and a lady, she becomes  
a pathetic object, struggling against  
overwhelming odds, humbly accepting  
miserable returns for her services,  
plodding on in the same hopeless rut  
because she fears to risk the hazard of  
change.

In all countries the average normal  
woman wants and expects to marry.  
Nevertheless, she is not so desperately  
anxious to unite herself with any man  
as men are inclined to think. The or-  
dinary man has an idea that every wo-  
man is out on a still hunt for a hus-  
band and will neither sleep nor eat till  
she gets one. It is difficult to dissuade  
him from this cherished delusion, and  
he is prone to hint at the many times  
he has been stalked and fled from his  
pursuer, only saving himself by the  
speed and persistence of his retreat.  
This harmless fantasy only adds a  
charm to those already possessed by



George—Grandpa, I want you to buy me a drum, like all the other boys  
have.  
Grandpa—No, you would make too much noise. There would be no living  
in the house with you.  
George—But, Grandpa, I promise, really and truly, I won't beat it only  
when you are asleep.  
Drawn for "Saturday Night" by E. H. Adamson.

You have just as good a chance  
to get LUDELLA CEYLON TEA as other  
people. It's not restricted to a few.  
It's for the many.

## A RUN ON—COLT



This is a fairly good  
cut of one of our new  
models in men's foot-  
wear. The beast under  
is the only thing that is  
wrong. They are not  
calf skin but Patent  
Colt. Four shapes,  
three widths—all new  
—all stylish—shoes that  
appeal to fastidious  
dressers. \$5 a pair.

The St. Leger Shoe Co.

4 STORES— 110 and 210 YONGE STREET, 92 and 482 QUEEN WEST

the simple male, and no sensible wo-  
man was ever known to derive any-  
thing but amusement from it. Many  
find great diversion in drawing him  
out on this point, and making him re-  
late his hair-breadth escapes—but that  
is another story.

As I was saying, the average woman  
wants to marry. It is the best pro-  
fession open to her. It is what all wo-  
men do. Should she live in a commu-  
nity where the male population is evenly  
balanced with the female, she has gen-  
erally several chances. Unless they are  
very rich, or possessed of unusual  
charm, all girls have about the same  
number. One of the most curious  
things about the sentimental life of  
women is that pretty ones and ugly  
ones, charming ones and dull ones,  
quiet ones and vivacious ones, have  
about the same number of offers of  
marriage. The women one reads about  
in novels who are redoubtable en-  
chantresses, irresistible to the other  
sex, are very rare. The pretty girl  
who has all the best partners at the  
balls and is perpetually "invited out,"  
has not any more real scalps at her  
belt than her demure and not very  
good-looking sister, who stays at home  
and keeps the family accounts. "Some  
like oysters and some like onions," is  
particularly true of men on their senti-  
mental side. The heroines of some of  
the most unusual and volcanic ro-  
mances I have ever heard of, were wo-  
men without a suggestion of laud and  
unconventional charm. They appear to  
nine men out of ten as devoid of spe-  
cial interest, but the tenth man was  
not of that opinion, and he was of the  
type who made romances, as it is said  
the adventurous make adventures.

Some sage has said that seven offers  
of marriage are as many as any wo-  
man can expect. We can amend that  
by adding, if she lives in a locality  
where the men are not greatly in ex-  
cess of the women, and if she is not  
enormously rich. Seven offers of mar-  
riage for a girl who lived in a large  
city, and married, say, at twenty-five,  
would be an unusual number. Num-  
erous young women will scoff at this,  
and say they have been the recipients  
of seventeen. But it is an acknowl-  
edged and humiliating fact that upon  
this subject the most truthfully in-  
clined and high-minded ladies will pre-  
varicate. The best way to treat their  
prevarications is to give them the  
benefit of the doubt by saying that  
there are quantities of girls who don't  
know the difference between remarks  
of a tenderly flirtatious character, and  
a bona fide proposal. Every woman  
has had midnight confidences on the  
subject of "Tom's proposal," or on the  
brutal behavior of Jack, who jilted the  
confider in such a cruel manner. And  
then, when the story came out, it  
transpired that neither Tom nor Jack  
had ever proposed at all.

In fact, the opportunities of mar-  
riage depend so largely upon locality  
and the preponderance of men over  
women that individual charm counts  
for little in the general summing up.  
Among the one million four hundred  
thousand London spinsters there must  
be many pretty and fascinating girls,  
who, if they don't remain single from  
preference, remain so because there  
are no men to ask them. The same  
girls, transported to a mining camp,  
say Nome or the Klondike, in the days  
when they were Eveless Edens, would  
have been besieged by suitors as Mme.  
Roland was when she was the learned  
yet captivating Manon Phlipon. In the  
old days the surplus spinster popu-  
lation of England was shipped to India,  
and was snapped up as the filles a la  
cassette were in Louisiana. Girls of  
fifteen were engaged before the steam-  
er had crossed the Red Sea; maiden  
ladies of forty were hesitating between  
a general and the governor of a pro-  
vince before the walls of Bombay were  
sighted.

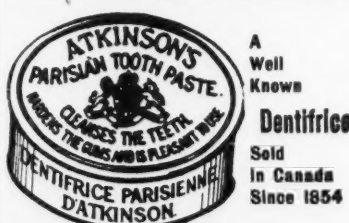
There are only a few places now left  
in the world where the men are so  
enormously in excess of the women  
that it would pay to ship blocks of  
spinsters to the seat of shortness of  
supply. Mining camps have long been  
regarded as excellent places in which  
to dispose of the females that in older  
and more conservative districts were  
long on the market. But it would take  
so much time to get a considerable  
number of the London surplus to—let  
us say—the Klondike, that American  
enterprise would undoubtedly have cut  
in ahead, and when the British detach-  
ment arrived they would find that an

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instalment of old maids from New  
England had been shipped round the  
Isthmus and supplied the demand.

The best thing to be done with the  
three hundred thousand partnerless  
London maids and widows is to send  
them to South Africa. With an army  
there of two hundred thousand able-  
bodied men, a large percentage of them  
ought to find mates and settle down. It  
would be an admirable thing for both  
the old and the new countries, drawing  
off the surplus from England and dis-  
tributing it over the vast area of  
South Africa, where women are scarce  
and their civilizing influence ought to  
be of value after the horrors of an un-  
remitting and savage war. There is a  
chance here for some philanthropist.  
Carnegie might stop founding libraries  
and donate a few thousands for the  
shipping of the spinsters.—Geraldine  
Bonner in "Argonaut."





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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NO. 22.



Amongst the genuine treats of the season were the four performances of George H. Boker's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," by Mr. Otis Skinner and company at the Princess last week. Coming in the second half of the week, Mr. Skinner's beautiful performance of this majestic and sombre drama could not be noticed critically in the last issue of "Saturday Night." The scenic investiture of the play was undoubtedly the most rich and realistic placed upon any local stage this season. There are no fewer than eight scenes in the play, and these, without exception, were put on in a manner at once lavish and artistic. Particularly beautiful were the hall in the palace of Guido at Ravenna, the interior of the cathedral at Rimini, and the garden nook where Paolo and Francesca come to read of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere. Mr. Skinner's presentation of the character of the deformed soldier was powerful throughout. The Francesca of Miss Marcia Van Dresser was a delightful realization of all that one might picture such a heroine to be in physical grace and beauty, and the only fault that could, perchance, be found by the captious was that Miss Van Dresser's voice is by no means a perfect instrument for the expression of such emotions as despair or grief—having a slightness and querulousness that at such moments carries it into a sort of falsetto. The Paolo of Mr. Aubrey Boucault was satisfactory if nothing more, and on the whole the drama, though, of course, most depressing in its subject matter, was greatly enjoyed by the large audiences that witnessed it.

That the second appearance in Toronto of Mr. J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" would be a success from at least an artistic standpoint was a foregone conclusion. That it is proving a success from the financial standpoint as well, is proof of the fact that appeal can be safely made to the higher tastes of Toronto theater-goers. The quaint humor, the pathos, the deep insight into human nature which made the Drumtochy stories of Ian MacLaren so popular, accounts, no doubt, for the popularity of the drama, for in its transposition to the stage "The Bonnie Brier Bush" has lost few of the characteristics of the book. From the first scene where a dairymaid comes tripping in, humming the old Scotch ditty,

"There grows a bonnie brier bush  
In our kail yard."

to the last act, in which Lachlan Campbell calls the assembled company to witness the restoration of Flora's name to the family Bible, a deep sympathetic interest is maintained, of which many in the audience give abundant evidence in furtive brushing of the eyes with their handkerchiefs. The scene in which Flora is banished from her home, and her father, Lachlan Campbell, sits down alone to contemplate his bitter shame, is a masterpiece. Mr. Stoddart's picture of the old man's dejection leaving nothing to be desired. The entire absence of any attempt at elocution, his perfect naturalness of voice and expression, with, of course, his perfect conception of the part, are what make this veteran actor so wonderfully effective. The supporting cast—the same, with one exception, as appeared here earlier in the season—is a competent one. Mr. Reuben Fax as "Posty" is irresistible, and the work of Mr. A. Phillips as Lord Hay, of Miss LaPierre as Flora Campbell, and of Mr. John Jennings as Doctor William MacLure, is almost equally commendable. The stage settings are most artistic and appropriate, and altogether the management of the Princess are to be congratulated on providing an attraction so near the end of the season which could not but enhance the reputation of any theater.

"Michael Strogoff," running at Shea's this week, is a melodrama in the six acts of which the author has crowded a great deal of stirring incident and thrilling climax. The element of comedy, however, as provided by the rather too free and untrammelled movements of the ubiquitous war correspondent, is sufficient to relieve the strain on one's nerves, and the very short intermission between acts makes it of scarce greater length than the ordinary four-act play. The role of Michael Strogoff, the courier of the Czar, to whom has been entrusted the task of carrying momentous State documents through the enemy's lines, and into the besieged town of Irkutsk, is very acceptably taken by Mr. Harrington Reynolds, although he would seem to be lacking in that dash and enthusiasm which we have come to associate with one willing to undertake so perilous a mission. Miss Mattie Earle as Marfa Strogoff, in whom mother love proves stronger than love of country, is effective, as are also Miss Grace Atwell—Nadia Feodor—and Miss Maud Gilbert as the gypsy girl Sangane. Mr. George Spencer's interpretation of the part of Ivan Ogareff, a disgraced Russian officer whose traitorous designs are foiled only in the last act by Michael Strogoff, is also good. The play is entirely free from that vulgar sensationalism so common to the average melodrama, but the tense interest of the audience maintained throughout proves that it lacks none of those fascinating features which make this class of entertainment so popular.

A very large audience assembled at the College of Music on Monday evening last to hear the graduating recital given



HOTEL HANLAN—HANLAN'S POINT.

This season is to witness the inauguration of a forward policy at the beautiful lakeside hotel shown above. Under the management of Mr. R. E. Noble, long associated with Mr. J. K. Paisley's hotels, the Hanlan will be more attractive than ever. Several novel features will be added. One of these will be an old-fashioned dinner every Tuesday and Saturday evening, followed by dancing on the lawn.

For this latter purpose waxed canvas will be stretched on the grass, as in India, and above there will be a galaxy of beautiful lights. Every day throughout the season there will be an orchestra at both luncheon and dinner. The house is being handsomely renovated inside and out, and special low rates will prevail during June.

by Miss Constance Wreyford of the senior class of the School of Expression. Miss Wreyford was happy in her selections, and manifested a high order of appreciation as well as fine interpretative ability. Her unaffected sincerity of manner was a source of enjoyment to her listeners. She is exceedingly good in Shakespearean numbers, judging by the excellent rendering of Henry V.'s wooing and her interpretation of Beatrice in a scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," in which she had the assistance of Mr. Clifford B. Scott, who made a most amusing Benedick. The programme was as follows: "The Gloves of Gregan McAllister," Turner; "My Kate," Browning; "The Ballad of the Waller Lot," Eugene Field; "The Island of the 'Scots,'" Aytoun; "The Wooing of Henry V.," Shakespeare; "The Witch's Cavern," from "The Last Days of Pompeii," Bulwer Lytton; "The Dean and Ping-Pong," scene from "Much Ado About Nothing." The programme was varied by organ numbers by Mr. George D. Atkinson and vocal solos by Mr. A. V. Leitheuser.

Of the success of Miss Henrietta Crosman's Rosalind, J. Ranken Towse writes in the "Critic": "Everybody remembers how, coming to New York about a year ago, practically unheralded and unknown, she captured the town with her charming and vivacious Nell Gwynn, but few persons probably believed, after her disastrous experiment with 'Joan o' the Shoals,' that she would be able to duplicate her first success and erase the memory of subsequent failure, by a triumphant impersonation of so exacting a character as that of the heroine of 'As You Like It,' in which she had to stand the test of comparison with all the best actresses of a generation. Yet this is the feat which she accomplished, and her performance, taking into consideration the quality of the play, must be accounted the most notable of the winter. To demonstrate afresh the enduring potency of Shakespeare, even as a mere entertainer for the multitude, at a period like this—when managers, with infatuated persistency, are jostling each other in the search for new varieties of spectacular or sensual sensationalism, the morbid, the extravagant, the stupid, or the unclean—is to be a public benefactor."

The many patrons of vaudeville in this city will be pleased to learn that Shea's Theater will return to vaudeville next Monday. Those who had come to look upon vaudeville as a standard amusement were considerably disappointed when this was taken away from them six weeks ago, but the fact has undoubtedly sharpened their appetites and they will be all the more eager for vaudeville when the opportunity comes to them next Monday. The shows will be selected with a view to giving all new attractions, and thus making Shea's Yonge street play-house more popular than ever. The Shea Stock Company will close its season to-night after having put on a number of the very best pieces available for stock work. The members of this company have shown themselves capable actors, and all the plays have been staged in a most lavish manner.

Mr. Robert B. Mantell will open his annual spring engagement at the Grand Opera House week after next. The repertoire for the engagement, which is subject to change, is as follows: First week, first three nights and Wednesday matinee, "Richelieu;" last three nights and Saturday matinee, "Hamlet;" second week, "Mousses;" third week, "Corsican Brothers;" fourth week, "The Dagger and the Cross."

"Setting the earth on fire" is an expression often heard in ridicule, but this can never be applied to Magician Kellar, who comes to the Grand Opera House next week, for the reason that he has already accomplished that feat, literally. En route from Valparaiso to Montevideo via the Straits of Magellan in February, 1875, the steamer upon which he was a passenger stopped for coal at Punta Arenas, the extreme southern point of Patagonia, where a Chilean penal settlement is maintained. Mr. Kellar was the guest of the commandant for the day, and, as considerable trouble had been caused by unruly natives, he was asked to do something to frighten them and to cause them to obey the commands of the authorities. Accordingly, after dinner he called several score of them about the station and amused them with simple tricks in magic. Just as he was about to conclude he announced in a voice of anger that if further acts of lawlessness occurred he would burn up the earth. As he spoke, he touched the sand at his feet with his wand, and a living sheet of flame sprang up, which so frightened the natives that they fled in terror. The acts complained of by the commandant were never repeated. The trick was simply done. White sugar and chlorate of potash had been secreted in the sand by an assistant during the forenoon. The wand was hollow and contained sulphuric acid. The combination caused the flame, which, to the ignorant natives, appeared supernatural.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, well known and well liked by local playgoers, will be the bill next week at the Princess Theater. These two clever players, who have hitherto made their chief successes in extremely light pieces such as "The Girl from Paris" and "The Telephone Girl," have recently made a wide departure and have gone to the other extreme, with seemingly perfect ease and with marvellously successful results, artistically and financially. For several years, although it may not have been generally known, these skilful comedians have been desirous of cutting loose from French extravaganzas and of getting into a higher order of work where they might utilize their talents in comedies which should be notable for wholesomeness. Their first effort was wholly gratifying from every point of view. It is a piece called "All on Account of

Eliza," which was specially written for them by Leo Ditrichstein. It had its initial production at the Garrick Theater, New York. The piece in locality, story and types of characters, is said to be as rural as "The Old Homestead." It supplies Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman with quite the best roles they have yet had, and they produce more genuine fun than they ever evolved from "The Girl from Paris" or "The Telephone Girl." The comedy was, it may be noted, produced in London a few weeks ago by an English cast and it will run there throughout the Coronation festivities.

### Why Noses Point East.

VERY few people's noses are set properly upon their faces, remarks the "Saturday Evening Post." Any observant person who will go along the street and take notice of the nasal organs of the passers-by may easily convince himself on the subject. Not one individual in a hundred, whether man or woman, is above criticism as to the arrangement of his or her nose.

It is not that most people's noses are not sufficiently well-shaped. Whatever may be thought of the Chinese nose, or the African, or the Filipino, the average Caucasian nasal protuberance is fairly symmetrical. But, unfortunately, whatever its form may be—whether pure Greek, or Hebrew, or Roman, or plain snub—it is nearly always set crooked on the face.

One might think that Nature is a little careless about this matter. When the nose turns off at an angle, instead of assuming its just and proper attitude, it tends, at all events in extreme cases, to give a disordered effect to the features as a whole. But, if Nature really does not care which way a nose points, there ought to be as many noses turned one way as are turned the other.

But is this the case? Not a bit of it. As you walk down the street look at the people as they go by, and you will discover that the noses of ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right. When once you have begun to notice this fact it will constantly attract your attention. In truth, the objection to starting in upon a study of this kind is that you cannot get away from it afterward. It haunts you steadily and persistently. Whenever you meet a friend you look at his nose, to make sure whether it turns to the right or not.

Some folk there are, indeed, who seem built on a bias—individuals whose eyes slant at an angle, or even at different angles, whose mouths in the very expansion of a smile twist downward to a sneer—persons warped from birth or by habit to perversity; with such it is the business of the criminologist to deal. But for the vast majority of plain people some simpler explanation must exist.

Now, the phenomenon being as described what is the reason behind it? Why should nearly every body's nose turn to the right rather than to the left? There seems to be only one way to account for it, and that is that almost everybody is right-handed, and uses his handkerchief correspondingly. So, from infancy to old age, the nose, in the process of being blown and wiped, is persistently tweaked to the right. Hence, as the infant passes through childhood and later youth—when the nasal organ is malleable and in process of formation, so to speak—it is obliged gradually but surely to assume an inclination eastward.

If this theory be correct, the noses of left-handed persons ought to turn customarily to the left. Such, in fact, appears to be the case; but data on this interesting branch of the question are not sufficiently complete to afford a final conclusion.



M. EDUARD PARLOVITZ.

The above is from a photograph of the noted Polish pianist who appears at Massey Hall next Thursday evening, May 1st, with Mr. Watkin Mills, England's illustrious basso, and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, Canada's leading entertainer. This is M. Parlovitz's first appearance in America. In Halifax, Quebec and Montreal he has been received with the greatest enthusiasm.

### Notes From the Capital.

The Steady Chime of Wedding Bells.—Receptions Held by Mrs. Mulock and Lady Cartwright.—Other Seasonal Entertainments.—Colonel Sam Hughes' Magic Lantern Show.—Some Ottawa Members of the Fourth Contingent.

THE marriage of Miss May MacCullough to Mr. S. Clarke of Winnipeg took place at the Church of All Saints, Theodore street, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. J. Redmond of Montreal, formerly of Winnipeg, was best man, and Miss Claire MacCullough was the bridesmaid. The guests included, besides the members of Mr. and Mrs. MacCullough's family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate, Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg, Mrs. Christie, Mr. and the Misses Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bate, and a few of the bride's girl friends. It was a pretty wedding.

On Saturday afternoon the marriage of Miss Mildred Dawson, daughter of Dr. S. E. Dawson, takes place to Mr. Herbert Larmouth. Christ Church will be the scene of this wedding, and there will be a reception afterwards to which a number of people are invited.

Mrs. Hugh Fleming was particularly favored by the clerk of the weather, for the finest and warmest day we have had so far this spring was the sixteenth, the day of her wedding. It was so fine that few ladies wore wraps over their pretty light wedding frocks, and the reception which took place at Mr. Gormully's residence was as much on the lawn as indoors, which was just as well, for the guests were many. Miss Violet Langmuir, who was Mrs. Gormully's guest, returned to Toronto shortly after the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Gormully will be leaving their house in Daly avenue very soon now. They intend having some alterations made and will go down to their handsome summer cottage at Murray Bay earlier than usual this summer.

Another marriage at which the bride will be a pretty and popular Ottawa girl, will be that of Miss Constance Chrysler to Mr. McBride of McGill College, which takes place on the 30th. May is considered an unlucky month for weddings, which perhaps accounts for the fact that the other Ottawa girls who are to enter the married state have fixed their wedding day in June. As I mentioned some time ago, three of the most prominent of these young ladies have fixed upon the fourth of June, and not one of them seems inclined to give way. The three are Miss Amy Blair, Miss Ethel Davies, and Miss Gwendoline Grant.

Mrs. Mulock's reception in the Racquet Court was one of the most successful of the season's entertainments. There was dancing at it—there always is dancing at an entertainment in the Racquet Court, and the older people, that is, Senators and M.P.'s (though some of them are quite young) danced, as well as the younger ones. Everybody seemed to enjoy it, and there was a general lothness to go home when twelve o'clock came, the hour specially mentioned upon the cards. The hesitation to leave was so pronounced that the hostess remained until some time past one a.m., and the band kept on playing dance music, instead of playing the National Anthem, which is what Ottawa people are quite accustomed to hear when the hour specified arrives. Mrs. Mulock wore a rich black net gown and handsome jewels, of which a diamond star pendant was probably the most noticeable. Her sister, Mrs. Ryerson of Toronto, was among Mrs. Mulock's house party for this reception, also Miss Dennistoun, Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, and Miss Amy Wright. Miss Hazel Wright spent last week with Mrs. Clifford Sifton.

Mrs. Ryerson wore a pink gown at this reception. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore white, Miss Falconbridge was in blue, and Miss Wright in pale yellow. The music and the floor were both good. Refreshments were served all evening in the supper-room below the ballroom. Lady Laurier, Mr. and Mrs. Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, the Misses Fielding, Miss Mary Scott, Lady Cartwright and the Misses Cartwright, Mr. Tarte and Miss Tarte, Senator and Mrs. Templeman, were among Mrs. Mulock's guests.

This week the Wednesday night reception was given by Lady Cartwright. The verandahs were closed in with flags, fitted up with comfortable chairs, and lighted by Chinese lanterns, so that the accommodation of the house was greatly augmented. Nevertheless, fearing their house might be small, Lady Cartwright did not ask as many Ottawa people as did Mrs. Mulock.

In addition to these large weekly receptions, which have for their principal object the entertainment of the seasonal visitors of both political parties, there have been a number of smaller functions, teas and evening parties, given for these visitors. Mrs. Clifford Sifton gave a party last Saturday night at which the only Ottawa people were several young ladies whose fathers are in the Cabinet. It was quite an informal gathering, for which invitations had been given by telephone, and ping-pong and dancing were the chief events on the programme. And most of the dinners that one hears of now are seasonal dinners. Hon. R. W. Scott has given several large dinners recently, the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Power have given several, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock have given dinners each week since the beginning of the session, Mr. William Paterson gives gentlemen's dinners in the Senate restaurant, Mr. Fisher gives small dinners at his house.

By the way, there is no truth whatever in the report which has been going the round of the papers as to Mr. Sydney Fisher's engagement. His engagement to one or other of the Cabinet Ministers' daughters is announced annually by the newspapers.

Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, too, have entertained a good bit this season, as have also the Minister of Militia and Mrs. Borden. On Thursday night of this week Mrs. F. W. Borden was the hostess at a function at which Colonel Sam Hughes addressed the company and showed limelight views of people and things in South Africa.

Mr. Munro Ferguson did not pay a long visit to Ottawa. He was here only from Tuesday to Thursday morning. Mrs. S. H. Fleming gave a dinner one evening in his honor, and the only other evening he spent at Mrs. Mulock's reception, where he had an opportunity of meeting again many old friends. Mr. Munro Ferguson is now a naturalized "American" citizen. He is also a personal friend of the President of the United States, one of whose Rough Riders he was during the Spanish-American war. Nevertheless Mr. Ferguson was very pleased to be in Canada again, and sorry to leave.

One of Ottawa's sweetest singers, Gordon Shepherd, a boy with a magnificent baritone voice, has gone with the fourth contingent. He was the "star" singer at several concerts and private musicales this winter and spring. He was a member of All Saints' choir. Last Sunday there was an unusually large congregation at All Saints' and Shepherd sang a farewell solo. He left on Monday morning for Halifax. Mr. George Sparkes, a nephew of the late Sir John Macdonald, has been given a commission in the fourth contingent. He went out with the Strathomas as a trooper and was wounded in one of the fights. He is a veteran of the North-West rebellion and was in the fight at Cut Knife Creek. He has lots of pluck, and all those who know him are glad to hear he has got a commission this time.

There has been rather a lull in afternoon At Homes recently, but there was a revival this week by Lady Davies, who gave a very large tea on Tuesday afternoon.

AMARYLLIS.

### An Icelandic Lyric.

Three things there be in the world, Yvonne:  
And what do you guess they mean?  
The stable land, the heaving sea,  
And the tide that hangs between.

Three things there be in this life, Yvonne:  
And what do you guess they mean?  
Your sun-warm soul, my wind-swept soul,  
And a current that draws between.

—Bliss Carman.



DON'S TOUR OF THE CHURCHES.

No. 21 appeared last week, and No. 22 should appear this week, but the absence on a Western trip of the writer of these pulpits criticisms will necessarily make a short break in the series. The occupants of Toronto pulpits who deserve recognition and criticism are too numerous to be overlooked. While during the summer, when so many clergymen are absent, a lighter topic of equal public interest may take the place of the series, a continuance of this department of "Saturday Night" may be relied upon.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."

A Little Romance of Science.

ONE of the lesser marvels of science was recorded unobtrusively in the news columns this week. We are grown so accustomed to the wonderful things that man's ingenuity has accomplished that we seldom pause to consider their significance unless it is forced upon us by some such juxtaposition as in the case of the two paragraphs below. In a Tuesday morning's Toronto paper appeared this item of news:

"The seismograph at the Observatory on Friday morning registered a large-sized earthquake, which must have occurred somewhere, though no report of one has as yet reached Toronto. It started at 9.31 and lasted about two and one-half hours, the maximum movement occurring at 9.40. It is the most important earthquake recorded on the instrument since its installation in September, 1897."

And on Tuesday evening all the newspapers had the following despatch:

"Guatemala City, Guatemala, April 22.—The details which are being received of the result of the earthquake shocks which were general throughout Guatemala Friday, Saturday and Sunday, show that Solola, Nahuala, Amatitlan, Santa Lucia and San Juan were badly damaged, and that Quetzaltenango was partly obliterated," etc., etc.

An instrument so sensitive and capable of such nice adjustment as to inform man of the slight tremors of the earth caused by a subterranean disturbance some thousands of miles away, is quite as wonderful in its way as Marconi's invention or anything else that the wizards of nineteenth century science have given us. Yet the real wonder is not the instrument, not the mechanism, but the man whose mind is capable of conceiving and whose hand is capable of making the ingenious thing.

Mr. William Rice, Poet.

THE other day, while standing in the drawing-room window of Mr. Dickson Patterson's house, to Elm-street place, I noticed a curious old man coming up the sidewalk. He wore a rusty overcoat down to his heels, a battered silk hat and what appeared to be "gun" boots, but turned out to be leather boots with his trousers rolled snugly about the ankles. His back was bent and he trotted along with a peculiar rolling gait, tap-tapping all the way with his shillalah.

The old fellow stopped and looked at the houses that were building, then, nodding his head and mumbling, he came on to the large, round flower-bed, when he looked long and steadily at the crocuses, again passing his opinion in soliloquy.

This was Mr. Rice, the poet, whose picture appeared in "Saturday Night" a few weeks ago in the series "Landmarks of Toronto."

I was introduced to the old man, and he held my hand for about twenty minutes, saying in broken, mumbling tones that he was glad to meet me. Somebody said "This young lady can talk Greek, Mr. Rice," and you should have seen his face brighten. I managed to get my hand free



THE ANCIENT POET CONS THE NEWS.

from his cordial, pudgy grip, and I thought I'd have a little talk with him. Mr. Patterson had already told me that the old chap was a poet and had shown me a copy of his book of poems, which I thought very good.

After a bit of gesticulating and hearty greeting of every member of the family in turn, the poet sank down like a heap of dough in the big carved chair in the hall, and put his hat down beside him. I now began to talk to him by myself. He looked at me intently with puzzled, misty, old eyes, nodding and answering my questions.

"I have read your poems," I began.

"Hum?" he asked, being a little deaf.

"I have read your poems. They're very good."

"You liked them?"

"Very much," I answered. "Have you written any more?"

"O yes—so much that I don't like to write any more until I get them printed," and he chuckled a grave little chuckle.

"When do you write?"

"Hum?"

I repeated the question.

"O!—when do I write? Any time. Sometimes a poem comes at night, and sometimes in the morning, and sometimes on the street—it comes jumping out of you like a frog out of a ditch," and we both laughed.

"There's just one of them that's worth all the rest rolled into one. It's a good one. It's 'Vita Aeterna'—'Eternal Life,' and, in rapt enjoyment he went off, reciting the poem, which really is very good.

"That's your favorite?" I asked.

"Yes, that's a poem—that's something great."

"Then there's the one about Niagara," I suggested.

"Don't you like that?"

"Well—yes—fairly. I wrote that on the rocks by the falls. It came to me out of the noise. I used to sleep outdoors night after night. One night—no, often—I nearly rolled into the water."

"Then there's one with a Greek title," I went on.

"Yes, yes. You know Greek, they say. Have you read the Greek Testament?"

"No; only some of Xenophon."

"I don't go much on Xenophon. I've read the Greek Testament—I was going to say hundreds of times—nearly a hundred times. I've read the Hebrew Testament, too, and the Arabic."

"Wonderful! How did you learn so many languages?"

The Heiress.



She cannot talk, she cannot sing. She looks a fright; but folks aver

Ten millions have been set apart To talk and sing and look for her. —Charles Dana Gibson in "Life."

"I did it to save my eyes. I had ophthalmia, and I read to change the character." (Curious notion!) "I was in a law office. Yes, yes. I was born in England, and came out some fifty years back. I'm past eighty," he muttered on, creasing his eyes and staring hard.

Mr. Patterson now came in, and as the old man's weekly visit is an established thing, I went into the drawing-room to let them have a little talk alone. "Is she married?" asked the old philosopher, in a loud whisper. "No? Hope she's on the way, then."

I nearly choked.

"Have you had an eggcupful to-day?" asked the artist of his protegee.

"I don't mind, thanks," humbly acquiesced he, very deaf.

"Have you had a drink to-day?" the other repeated.

"Well, I'll take a little, if I get it."

"No! No! Come now, I say, have you had any?" Mr. Patterson repeated, louder.

"Oh! Well, I bought a little thirty-five cent flask the other day and I had a drop of that. There's mighty little left."

"Could you take some more?"

"Well, I could if I had it."

So a small "horn" of whiskey and water was brought, and the old man drank it slowly and with gusto. It is one of his principles to drink apart from eating; so he nibbled his sandwiches and bun (which had been placed on a little table beside him) afterwards. So, munching slowly, the old bard looked over the daily papers, making such remarks as "Well done!" "Well, did you ever!" "No peace yet. They're not going to give in," and laughing till his sides shook, a funny little chuckle, when anything amused him. I tried to get him to talk again, but he politely refused to be drawn out any further, saying, simply, "Yes, Miss," and "No, Miss."

Thus the afternoon wore on, until, at about four, having finished his last morsel of food, he slowly got up and gathered his hat and stick to start out for home. He was offered another "tipple," but declined with "It's best to be steady on the way home." So he went away.

This old man is a character. Anybody may see him wandering about town; but hardly anybody would spot him for a poet, although there is something distinguished in his appearance, too.

He lives in a room in Chestnut street. I have sometimes thought I should like to see him in his home; but I have not the courage. He lives, eats, cooks, sleeps and writes in one room; despises ventilation, and until age crept to his bones he despised any kind of artificial heat. He seldom washes, and I believe never changes his clothes, only putting on others over the old ones when it grows cold. Absolute simplicity is his ruling principle. He used to sleep on the floor until Mr. Patterson found him out. He has an old jack-knife, with which he sharpens his pen-



AN ABSORBING BIT.

cils, scrapes his pens, spreads his butter, cuts his onions, repairs his clothes, and executes a hundred different purposes, never washing it. He reads his Greek Testament every day without fail, and writes some every day. It is beyond my comprehension how a man with enough innate refinement to prompt this investigation of dead languages and the production of poems, can be so thoroughly uncouth in his mode of living. I suppose it is a case of getting back to the primitive, as genius is supposed to do—a thing incomprehensible is genius.

LOUSA MARS.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."

In Memoriam.

Her eyes were suffused with tears. Her cheek was pale and wan. And her heart o'erflowed with grief— The beloved of her soul was gone!

There's naught to interest her now. No joy for those tear-stained eyes. As she mourns and silently weeps. And no sound is heard, save sighs.

There's none to console her now. For there's no one can take his place. Oh for one glance of his sweet dead eyes. Or a look at his dear kind face!

Her lips seemed to murmur his name. So soft, so loving, so low. One could hardly hear her breathe. As her lips formed the one word, "Joe."

How womanly sweet she looked. How bravely she bore her grief. As the pearly tears coursed down her cheek— Fair woman's sweet relief.

The roses have faded on her cheek. The once cheerful glance of her eye Has vanished, and all that remains Is a sob, a tear, or a sigh.

She wept as she gazed on his grave. So soft, so loving, so low. Has such a 'smart' curly tail," she sobbed. "Or such a perfectly sweet, black nose."

Toronto. F. BRUCE CAREY.

Bargain-Hunters.

THE people of ancient Athens, of whom it was said that they spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing, have a striking counterpart in the people of the present day, who seem to spend the great bulk of their time in the hunt for bargains. So general and widespread has this hunger for goods "marked down" from so much to so much become, that the fact that in the majority of cases these alleged bargains are goods which have been marked up instead of down, does not in the least deter the fevered seeker after so-called "snaps." A prominent Canadian editorial writer, some four years ago, gave it as

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.



Apostles of the Gospel of Publicity in North Toronto.

his opinion that goods which had been damaged by water and smoke could be sold in Toronto for at least fifteen per cent. more than if they were not so damaged. Events which were transpiring at that time went very far towards establishing the absolute truth of this proposition, and the very marked increase in the number of "bargain ads." in our newspapers and elsewhere would seem to indicate that the number of people who are eager to pay more for anything labelled "a bargain" than they would think of paying if it were not so labelled, is proportionately increasing. In view of the above, one is almost prepared to accept as absolutely true the story of the lady—one of a party of shipwrecked travelers, on a desert island—who, on hearing the cry from one of her fellow sufferers, "A sail! A sail!" enquired, "Is it a bargain sale?" C. E. F.

Burns' Monument for Toronto.

FOUR years have elapsed since the proposal was first mooted to erect a monument in Toronto to the memory of Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland. At first the project met with hindrances such as the South African war and the Century Fund movement, both of which enlisted widespread sympathy and also financial sacrifice. Happily the war is all but over, and the hopes of the originators of the Century Fund have been more than realized. The strain caused by these movements has been relaxed, and public interest, which was withdrawn for a time from the monument scheme, has returned with greatly increased force. Money has come in of late with greater freedom, and there are not only sufficient funds on hand with which to pay the balance still owing on the statue, but there is a goodly sum to the credit of the committee on account of the pedestal. Subscriptions are still being received. The statue will be shipped from Edinburgh about the beginning of June, and arrangements are being made for the unveiling to take place on the 21st of July, the anniversary of the poet's death. The officers of the Monument Committee are David Walker, president; J. L. Morrison, chairman of executive; D. R. Wilkie, honorary treasurer, and William Campbell, acting secretary-treasurer, McKinnon Building, Toronto.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."



A Wise Lunatic.

I thought from his get-up that his offence must at least have been arson or manslaughter. But when he informed me that he resided in a castle on the Don—Rhine he said at first, but afterwards corrected himself

—and went on to state confidentially that he was Grand Master of the Order of Maltese Cats. I tumbled that I was up against an inmate of the bug department of the jail—one of those unfortunate persons of clouded intellect about whom so much newspaper discussion has centered of late, and regarding whose disposal the Mayor of Toronto and the Provincial Secretary have been industriously exchanging pink notes. After surreptitiously ringing for the police, I came back and talked to him with all the calmness and nonchalance I could summon from the depths of my courageous heart.

"I suppose your castle is a pleasant place to reside in?" I said, with a nervous little laugh.

"Oh, yes, pleasant indeed," he said. "I do not lack for servants, while the scenery is perfectly charming. I am surrounded by the knights of my order, and live in every respect as befits a Grand Master. But my peace of mind has been sadly disturbed of late by certain far-off echoes which have reached our halls of a wordy conflict between the heads of two other orders of knighthood as to whether the Maltese Cats have any right or title to possession of the castle we now inhabit. And this it is that has brought me forth out of my shaded retreat. For I wanted to find one or both of the noisy contestants and say that we are all quite satisfied where we are, provided they will only cut the letters short and decide who is responsible for our being there. You understand, that is the main point at issue, and everything else is immaterial. I do wish they would get it settled. It worries me to know that they are worried and cannot make up their minds upon the point. As the man said who had a pan of dishwater thrown over him, 'I don't care about the suit of clothes, but as a speculative question, I should really like to know which of those two windows the slops came from.' Can't you induce them, my dear sir, to come to an intelligent conclusion, and let us know where we are at, either one thing or the other?"

Just then a couple of blue-coated officers arrived.

"There's a wise lunatic," said I, as my caller disappeared with the policemen.

ASTERISK.

"TAINTED GOLD."—Page 6.—A new story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Three Scars."

To Oneiros.

(The Dream-God.)

Oneiros, o'er a third of human hours, Strong is thy hoary throne arrayed in powers To curb the will, nor may Death's axe refuse For lord a living ape of life to choose. While that the prisoner in his cell doth lie (To-morrow by a loathsome death to die), Thy magic pencil o'er his tortured brain Paints fleeting images, dim thoughts again Uprising of the hours of long ago. When with some loved one he did wander slow Along the reedy river's winding bank As her fair head in maiden tremor sank Fondly he whispered in her waiting ear. Then paused, 'mid hope and dread, his fate to hear.

Sleep, doomed one, sleep, while on one brawny knee, Low-bent and stern, a craftsman sullenly Scaffold and awful drop is fashioning To music of the hammer's thundering.

Oneiros! Fondly do we welcome thee. From nothingness of sleep to set us free!

—The late W. E. Hamilton of Chatham, Ontario.



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The Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., at less than the one-way first-class fare. Tickets on sale April 19 to 27, good to return any time before June 25, 1902. Choice of routes going and returning. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route from Canada to California. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given the people of this country to visit this land of sunshine and flowers at a low rate. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

**Anecdotal.**

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke tells this story of a negro who was fishing for tarpon in Florida. The fish which he hooked was a big one, and in spite of all the negro could do, the tarpon pulled him overboard. When he had been hauled into the boat again and the water had been shaken out of him, he remarked, chokingly: "What I want to know is, is this nigger a-fishin' or was dat fish a-niggerin'?"

President Roosevelt is beginning to chafe under the burdens put upon him by the persistence of office-seekers. A friend said to him recently: "You don't get much time for hunting now?" "No," said the President; "the fact is, I am a sort of game-keeper now, watching the government preserves while hordes of poachers are trying to break in and bag the offices. Or maybe I am only a buffer," he added, a trifle wearily; "every day senators and congressmen send me to me whom they can't land in office, and whom they know I can't appoint, and I am expected to save the politicians the trouble of turning them down."

Forty years ago Herbert Gladstone, who was married recently, was addressing a women's suffrage meeting in Leeds one afternoon, and in the course of his speech he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the women who had addressed the meeting. He further gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking. Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of excitement by a male voice, which proceeded from the back of the hall, and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect: "Eh, lad, thou'rt none wed yet, I see'st!"

There is a characteristic story of Mr.

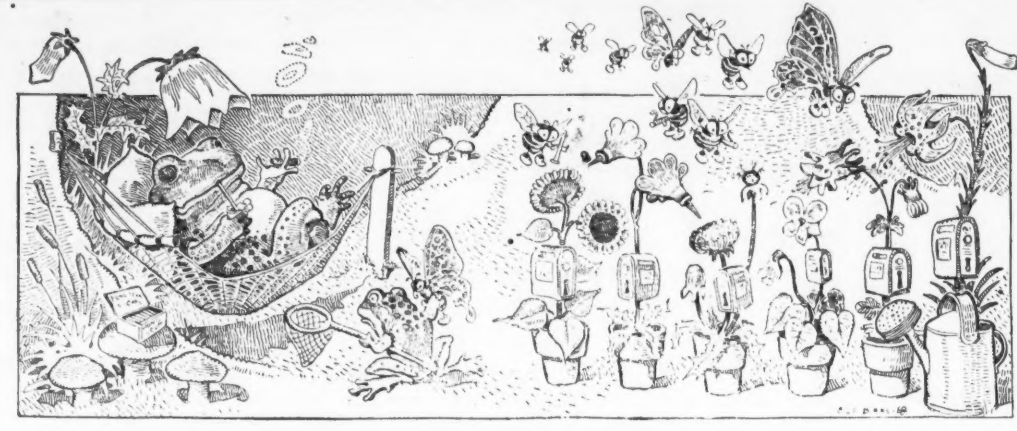
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Rhodes which runs as follows: When he was in Rhodesia suffering from the first attack of the disease which ultimately led to his death, he was lying thinking of Groot Schuur, his beautiful home, upon which he had lavished thousands and thousands, until it had become something between a treasure house and a country palace. As he was dreaming thoughts which might have been set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," an official came to him and said: "I'm afraid I have some very bad news to tell you." Mr. Rhodes sat up. "Bad news! What is it? Out with it, man!" "Groot Schuur has been burnt to the ground," said the official; "and nearly everything has been destroyed." "Thank God!" said Rhodes, sinking back with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to tell me that Jameson was dead."

Senator-elect McCreary of Kentucky is said to be a fine campaigner. When he goes the round of his district he kisses all the babies, praises the cooking of the housewives, judges the cattle of the farmers, and adapts himself to all circumstances. On one occasion he arrived at the house of a farmer after supper hour, and when the good woman of the house insisted on getting him something to eat, he refused to allow her to go to any bother, and said he would take anything cold that she had. She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits, and would warm the coffee. "Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast, so the story goes, the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying: "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."

Lincoln was once arguing a case against an opponent who tried to convince the jury that precedent is superior to law, and that custom makes things legal in all cases. Lincoln's reply, given in Miss Ida Tarbell's life of the great war President, was one of his many effective analogies in the form of a story. Lincoln told the jury that he would argue the case in the same way as his opponent, and began: "Old Squire Bagby, from Menard, came into my office one day and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him not; whereupon the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide, but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been a squire eight years, and have done it all the time.'"

The Rev. Edward Cannon, a chaplain to King George IV., was a doggedly independent man. On one occasion he refused to compliment his royal master on his singing, and for a time fell into disfavor. His manner was high-headed, but not always too courteous, but his actions were always on the side of right and justice. The biography of his friend Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," contains, among other anecdotes of Cannon, the story of how he disinherited himself. A silly old lady summoned him to her house, and pretended to be declining in health. She told him she had made her will, by which the whole of a considerable fortune was to be left to him. "I don't believe it," said Cannon, after a pause, in which he eyed her doubtfully. The lady assured him that the document was lying in a desk in the room. "I won't believe it," persisted Cannon, "unless I see it." Smiling at his incredulity, she placed the will in his hands. Cannon read it. "Well," he said, deliberately, "if I had not seen it in your hands, I could not have believed you were such an unnatural brute." Thrusting the paper between the bars of the grate, he continued in a severe, low voice, "Have you no one more nearly connected with you than I? No one to whom your money should go, who has a right to be provided for first and best? Pooh! You don't know how to make a will. I'll send for a lawyer, and he shall make your will. You shall leave me a legacy; there's no harm in that. But I'm not going to take it all to please you. Good day, ma'am!"

**A Fish Story.**

Not long ago, two enthusiastic anglers arranged a fishing match to decide the respective merits of the worm and the minnow as bait. For hours they sat patiently on a bank without getting so much as a nibble. At last the proprietor of the worm suddenly said that he had got a bite, and, jerking his line out of the water, discovered at the end of it the other man's minnow, which, having by this time grown hungry, had devoured his worm.—San Francisco "Argonaut."

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

## Charwomen and the Coronation.

If there be one item of workaday humanity more apt to be individually, diverse and almost invariably interesting, exasperating, admirable, amusing and generally awful, it is the dame who arrives betimes in the morning for a day's "claning" in. Here's to the charwoman, Lord help her! with all her idiosyncrasies! Kind fate has blessed me abundantly since I became a flat-dweller, with a young thing of the bright, neat, swift flight of a bank swallow. She dashes at a window-pane, makes swift passes with a chamol, perks her head on one side at the corners, and lo! a shining bit of glass that could not be cleaner! She slips about the room with her damp cloth, and leaves a glorious track of spess point in her wake. No picture hangs too high to have its face washed, no cornice hides its little ridge of dust from her onslaught. She can perch on a narrow sill forty feet above the pavement with the "sang-froid" of a sparrow on a telegraph wire. Her slim, girlish figure can double up to reach a trying bit of the outside pane, or she can flatten herself like a doormat on the carpet while her unrelenting fist-full of damp cloth explores the hind-legs of an immovable bookcase. She can climb upon tables, ladders and chairs, stand on tiptoe on door-knobs and heaters, reach anything, turn anything, if to circumvent dust and dirt be her desire. She gives me palpitation of the heart by her window-sill acrobatic feats, and if I allowed myself to watch her, I should be leaping from my work half a dozen times to save the china, the pictures or her precious neck. When she has whirled round the flat, until she is satisfied with its cleanliness, she arrives before me with a twinkle in her merry eyes, and a little touch of weariness in her tone, and asks: "Would there be anything more to be done?" And every time I can only say: "Oh! Jennie, you're a wonder!" which amuses her tremendously.

Jennie defaulted last month; whether she be ill or married or snapped up by someone who has offered her a salary commensurate with her ability, I have not had time to enquire. But the flat was simply knee-deep in dust when I heard a scrub-woman conversing with herself in a rich Milesian accent one day last week, and I ventured between cushions to poke out a very much protected head and enquire whether she could extend her ministrations and give me half a day. Jennie takes just one hour and a half, but this wasn't Jennie's pattern. In a very jovial tone the lady said she could, indeed, and the day after the date arranged she did, indeed. "They tuk me fer a whole day's wurk yistiday, an' I had to—," she explained, as if she'd been the victim of a press-gang. "Can I do windys? To be sure! Is that they? Well, when I cleaned for Lady—," she said she never saw the like of me windys fer brightness. The clothes? Yis, there's a plenty, an' the hot wather an' soap—or a thrifle pearline. An' are ye any relation of— Yis, I know him well—he's a nice man. Whin I had me husbin' up fer batin' me, an' goin' to bid in his boots, says he, 'Kep his boots on to kick you?' says he; a nice man, an' kind he is; an' he give me an order, an' I've gived set eyes on the rascal since. He husbin', that is! Ye have a nice place here. Oh! yes; I'll do the windys, an' ye can jist go on writin'." 'Tis a bad cold you've got. If ye was to take a bit o' lump sugar an' a table-spoon of whiskey—ye don't like it? Ah, now, thin, why not? 'Tis the best ever, fer medicine on a cold. Yis, I'll jist get the wather an' get at the windys this minit."

She was just two feet six inches across, for I measured her, first time she slipped out the window. It was taking a mean advantage, but I was curious, and she grunted and snorted, and used a variety of expressions, which were not at all deigned me. And then, having measured and listened and looked at the clock and fallen to once more at my work, I was startled by a ripping, crashing sound, and a thud, and lo! my charwoman, on her back on the floor, and the window "swinging free," with one moulding waving in the air, and a good deal of dust about! She gathered herself up, deliberately, never glancing at me, and having examined the reef moulding and contentiously regarded the freed window, she said in tones of deep conviction: "'Tis a poor bit o' rotten wood as Iver I saw." To make a long story short, she exhibited utter indifference to "smears," "clouds" and untouched areas of dusty glass. "No better could be done," she said, finally, when I pointed out these things. I merely said: "The windows must be cleaned," and walked away. Then she got her Irish up. "An' so they shall," she said. "If I lay in sixty-two pieces on the ground below!" All the long, bright morning did that huge old lady battle with those windows. There was neither sweeping nor dusting nor washing of paint for her. I laughed till I was weak, at her good nature and her shape, tried not to hear the many and varied items concerning Toronto's great folks (viewed from the charwoman's standpoint), with which she interpolated her remarks to the window-panes, and when these latter were actually cleaned, and she triumphantly led me from one to another for inspection, I said nothing of Jennie's usual achievements elsewhere, but gladly paid the substitute, gave her boots, a skirt, a coat, everything she took a fancy to, and at last bowed her out, and the four hours' occupancy was over. "The boots fits me like a glove!" she triumphantly concluded. "Me feet's the same as the Queen—her that's gone! If ye want me again, an' Jennie, as ye call her, don't turn up, I'll come to ye, God bless ye!"

The Coronation is already giving new names to many things. There are coronation hats, with pretty, upstanding coronets of small flowers about their crowns, coronation bangles, with tiny golden crowns, enamelled like jewels; coronation stationery and coronation photographs, with royal robes and seals upon their cases. Lyndon has brought out the latter in very smart style and everyone is ordering the new fad. I saw a coronation purse, formed completely of imbedded sovereigns, replicas of the Georges, William and good Queen Victoria, and, of course, His Majesty and the lovely Queen in the center. They seemed to be set in the dark leather, but were really only stamped on it. Heaps of other fancies will soon be out from England.

**LADY GAY.**

## That Awful Gas.

For years this form of indigestion had troubled Mr. Harmer—Now all the Bloating and Belching has gone.

Indigestion manifests itself in many forms. One of the most trying and unpleasant symptoms is the formation of gas in the stomach, and the consequent belching up, bloating and distress. This was how it affected Mr. W. H. Harmer of Avonmore, N.B., and in this way he had been troubled for a long time. Nothing he used as a medicine seemed to improve his condition until he commenced a treatment of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

This favorite remedy once more demonstrated its wonderful curative properties by immediately relieving him in a very short time completely curing Mr. Harmer's trouble.

He has written a letter in which he expresses his gratitude to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for their prompt and satisfactory cure of his trouble. He says:

"I know of several others here who have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with good results."

The evidence of these wonderful cures pours in daily from all parts of the Dominion. From east, west, north and south come grateful letters from people in all stations of life, who had almost given up hope of ever being cured, and who have found in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a remedy they so long had sought.

The wonder is that every Dyspeptic has not already heard of and used this remedy.

One of the serious symptoms of this disease is fear and doubt, and this may account for the fact that there is a single case of Dyspepsia left in the Dominion of Canada.

Surely these earnest, honest letters and statements of living men and women will convince the most skeptical Dyspeptic that to suffer a moment longer when a cure is at hand is unnecessary.

What has cured all kinds of cases, of every conceivable form, in old people and in young people, is surely worth a trial.

If you don't believe, ask these people, or anyone else who has given Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a fair trial.

## Lo, the Poor Hindoo.

The poor, benighted Hindoo, He does the best he kindo; He sticks to his caste From first to last, And for pants he makes his skindo.

—EX.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every correspondence to the Editor. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Helen.—The nonchalance and indifference of the more elderly country naturally exasperates young blood. The self-restraint, self-confidence and self-satisfaction of the ordinary Englishman blend into an attitude that is impossible to some of us to comprehend. But back of any ravings against obvious sluggishness of wit and non-receptive-mindedness there is an acknowledged respect for "ces Anglais"—a feeling of belief in them. They take their own slow, perverse way of doing things, but the things are done. The Islanders had its justification to a certain extent. 2. Your writing is generous, frank, buoyant and ambitious. You are tenacious of opinions and careful in matters of sentiment. I don't think your heart will ever rule your head. You are cautious and discreet, with some sympathy, not much expression, and a very honest and upright method. Time will do wonders for you, Helen.

Arangeche.—'Tis a nice name, and handy to use in a hurry. 2. Your writing shows a rather easygoing and harmonious nature, with optimistic views and clear sequence of ideas. Some individuality of method and a practical nature, with, however, considerable grace of thought and expression of expression. There is a lack of caution and a good deal of energy in action, varying aims and unreliable decision, decided ability and rather a frank and self-respecting turn of mind. There is some push and some squandered force shown. You love beautiful and perhaps striking things. Your birthday comes under Leo, a very fine sign for development, but you seem still to retain a few of the devious ways of the previous sign, Cancer, which is displaced by Leo about the twenty-second of July. You always look carefully after possibilities.

Manita H.—Your writing is only in the second stage of development, and is consequently both confusing and unsatisfactory. It shows practical ability, ambition, love of praise and pleasant temper. Don't get into the way of leaving your 'a's open at the top. You give away a very poor trait, which even so slight a thing as observing to close them, if it is done, would help to correct. You will keep your mouth shut better, perhaps, for sometimes it opens unadvisedly now. It is a good hand and will, no doubt, be much better as it comes to perfect development.

Farney.—For Heaven's sake, don't blame that writing on Ireland, and consequently both confusing and unsatisfactory. It shows practical ability, ambition, love of praise and pleasant temper. Don't get into the way of leaving your 'a's open at the top. You give away a very poor trait, which even so slight a thing as observing to close them, if it is done, would help to correct. You will keep your mouth shut better, perhaps, for sometimes it opens unadvisedly now. It is a good hand and will, no doubt, be much better as it comes to perfect development.

S.H.S. Duluth, Minn.—A good deal of nervous energy, refinement and sharp-wittedness are shown. You will never live in Easy street nor go through life on pneumatic tires. You are neat and have a fine sense of justice, quite a lot of sentiment, but not so much sensibility. You have not cut deep life's swath of sorrow. There is, however, a certain feeling and a disposition to cave in before long trial. What does "a thorough American" imply? Think it over and send me your definition: I am interested. I think you are given to dwelling upon one idea. Don't do it. It weakens and narrows the mind, particularly if such idea be yourself. You can argue and enjoy it, and you very likely have the whip hand of your surroundings, human and otherwise. It is an essentially feminine hand in the usual acceptance of the term, and rarely suggests any of the more aggressive traits. A good deal of impulse and snap are in it.

Character.—You can't scare me by telling me I may have a hand in the making or marring of a woman. In your case there is no possible danger of that. Your writing is full of suggestion, and you know very well you have plenty of well-marked traits, prominently a dislike to be hidden, ordered, or in any way controlled. You are full of quick perception, probably vivacious and over-excited in expression. There are some touchy streaks in you, and great suggestions of wilfulness. You are a born idealist, and many strange notions might

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**GOLD MEDAL**  
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**LABATT'S**  
**ALE and PORTER**  
**SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS**

there was a Shriek, and Gertrude's Pa came through the Curtains, having a fit.  
MORAL—Any kind of Conversation goes in a Clinch.—George Ade.

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### What Oxford Is.

No Mere Home of Learning, but an Institution for the Development and Formation of Character.

Oxford is not a home of learning in the strict sense of the word. The universities of Continental Europe afford far greater opportunities for scientific research, and probably on this account the number of Americans who have figured until now on its books is infinitesimal compared with that of the very large contingent of students from the United States that frequent the German universities. Oxford is much more an institution for the development and formation of the character of what is best in the British Empire. It constitutes the stepping stone from the restraint of the great Public schools and colleges of the United Kingdom to the complete liberty of manhood, and the influence of the surroundings and of the atmosphere at such a time of the life as this is of surpassing importance. An English father may send his son to Heidelberg, to Bonn, to Paris, to Berlin and to other Continental universities for the sake of adding to the young fellow's store of learning and science, especially in the more advanced branches of the latter. But he will begin by putting his boy through Oxford or Cambridge for the sake of its influence in the moulding of his character, and consequently of his future life.

Oxford is a center of moral rather than intellectual life. Few of its teachers are really eminent in the worldwide sense of the word, Professor Dicey being among the few exceptions to this rule. This is, perhaps, due in a measure to the fact that the Oxford tutor devotes to his men the time which professors at foreign universities give to advanced study and research. But the moral tone at Oxford is high—higher than that of any other great university that I have ever known—and there is no doubt that this is largely attributable to the atmosphere of Oxford, and to the social life of its nearly three thousand students, who, impressed, perhaps unconsciously, by the nobility and the calm of the beautiful old buildings, representing in their greatest perfection so many different types of architecture, yet blended into one harmonious entirety by the mellowing influences of age, and imbued by the grand traditions of the past, are inspired to live up to certain ideals and to regard themselves as responsible for maintaining unimpaired the standard set by their predecessors.

Among many of the criticisms that have been levelled at Oxford since the time of the will of Cecil Rhodes has become known, the one most frequently made is to the effect that Oxford life is calculated to develop a feeling of caste, a regard for birth and class distinction, and the development of the patrician feeling as opposed to the democratic sentiment. On these grounds it is urged that the plan of sending young men from this country to the banks of the Isis is a bad one, since it will merely serve to instill into their minds prejudices altogether at variance with the doctrines and principles of American life. Now, those who advance such arguments as these cannot know much about this grand old university, and particularly about its social life. True, in former times Oxford may have been the training ground of the aristocracy, because in those ages wealth and culture were to a great extent restricted to this class. But to-day, when affluence and knowledge have invaded nearly every walk in life, Oxford has become the center of all sorts of classes, the furnace that blends them into a social amalgam, in which the constituents, though losing many of their prejudices and angusties and gaining a common type of character, still retain their natural affinity.

Oxford in its social sense is a leveler and a foe to exclusiveness. The undergraduates, as a general rule, do not regard themselves as better than their fellows. Their minds are open to sympathy with the concerns of others. It is thanks to this that Oxford is the starting place of so many schemes and of so many movements, some of them, it is true, impractical but nevertheless nearly all meritorious in the fact that they aim at the improvement of the conditions of the human race. What more striking illustration of this can be given than those so-called University Settlements, which contribute so much to establish a good feeling between those who labor with the brain and those who labor with their hands? And each Whitsuntide, as well as at other times of the year, Oxford is invaded by parties of mechanics and workmen, sent up from London, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere, by the various University Settlements, and who during their stay at the university are entertained as guests by the undergraduates with that absence of condescension and that fine regard

for the feelings of those less blessed by fortune which are among the most conspicuous characteristics of the man of breeding—the true gentleman. The Oxford of to-day, in one word, teaches tolerance in social matters, tolerance in religion and tolerance in politics. "Give and take, live and let live, criticize and be criticized," these may be set down as the watchwords of modern university life at Oxford.

The day at Oxford may be said to be partitioned into three divisions, a fact to which it is worth while calling attention, since it serves to explain the inferior standard of the university, intellectually speaking, compared to foreign institutions of the same class. Practically only the morning is devoted to study, and as the previous night has sometimes made an inroad into the early morning, the work suffers in consequence. The afternoon is devoted to play, to boating, cricket, etc., while the evening is given up to social intercourse; that is to say, social intercourse among the students and also with their tutors. With regard to the outdoor pastimes, it is the river that may be said to enjoy the largest share of popularity, and this is fortunate, for there is no sport that is better calculated to promote a sort of freemasonry among those who are devoted thereto than rowing.

Cricket plays a less important role at Oxford, and, as a rule, only those take to it who have played on the eleven of the Public schools to which they had previously belonged. Hunting and riding are confined almost entirely to Christchurch—that Christchurch which has brought down a storm of obloquy upon its head owing to the fact that its bursar, when asked by a London newspaper to comment on Cecil Rhodes's scheme of scholarships, declared that their monetary value rendered them useless as far as Christchurch was concerned. And yet this is true, not only as regards Christchurch, but also many other colleges. For Oxford is not the place for a student with limited means. All its colleges are rich, and liberal in their ideas with regard to money. Indeed, all the traditions of the place are against economy, and \$1,500 a year is the very lowest estimate of indispensable expenditure during the six months that constitute the annual semester, leaving nothing for the remainder of the year; that is to say, for the vacation expenses.

"When laudable old customs alter, it is a sign that learning dwindles," is an adage that has evidently been taken to heart by Oxford. For on every side one meets, not only with buildings hoary and venerable with the age of centuries, but likewise with quaint usages that even antedate the buildings in question, and that have been retained to the present day. Thus at Worcester College—the "Wuggins" of the undergraduate—the porter each morning raps on every door with a small wooden hammer. Worcester College was built some four hundred years ago, on the site of an old monastery that flourished at the time of the Crusades, and the undergraduates have ever since been wakened up in identically the same way as the monks. At

Merton College every daily college service in chapel for centuries has ended with a thanksgiving for the numerous benefits bestowed by Walter de Merton.

The tolling of 101 strokes on Great Tom at Christchurch carries one back to the time of Cardinal Wolsey, who ordained that the number of junior scholars who were originally on the foundation of the institution should be thus recalled. On May Day the choristers and fellows of Magdalen assemble before daybreak on the roof of their glorious tower, and greet the rising sun with a Latin hymn. According to tradition this has taken place on every May Day since the reign of King Henry VII., the chant of to-day being a survival of the mass originally sung for the repose of his soul. For he had been particularly generous to this college. On St. David's Day every loyal Welshman appears in morning chapel at Jesus College with a huge leek tied in the tassel of his cap. On New Year's eve at Queen's the bursar goes after dinner around the hall and gives to each of those present a needle and silken thread, the latter the color of the recipient's college hood, exclaiming, "Take this and be thrifty." The founder of Queen's was a certain knight whose name of Eglesfield was said to be an English corruption of the French words "aiguil et fil," Anglies "needle and thread"—articles now used to commemorate him. At any rate, that is the traditional origin of a custom that has been in force for many hundred years. It is at Queen's, too, that a boar's head has been served on the high table on every Christmas Day for hundreds of years in commemoration of the miraculous escape of a famous don of this college, who, when charged by an infuriated boar, is said to have saved himself from an untimely fate by ramming the copy of Aristotle's "Rhetoric" which he was reading down the throat of the beast, which found it beyond its powers to digest. The boar's head is brought into the hall in a procession preceded by the college choir chanting the fine old song,

The boar's head in hand I bring  
With garlands gay and rosemary  
I pray you all sing merrily  
Qui estis in convivio.

Volumes might be written about all these old customs, as well as about that modern and yet unwritten code at Oxford which bars the use of sugar tongs, of slop basins, of tall hats, of frock coats, and of umbrellas when in cap and gown; which prescribes the reduction of college caps to a more or less battered and disreputable condition, and which discourages the custom of shaking hands. Much, too, could be written about the various colleges, each one with its own legends and traditions, among the most interesting being Oriel College, founded by King Edward II., endowed by King Edward III., and which comprises on its roll of honor Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Wilberforce, Cardinal Newman, Sir Thomas More, of the Reformation days; James Bryce, John Keble of "Christian Year" fame, and last, but not least, Cecil Rhodes.

EX-ATTACHE.

### This Case From Hamilton

Shows What Persons With Weak, Run-Down and Nerve-Back'd Systems Can Expect From the Use of

Dr. Chase's  
NERVE FOOD

Any person who knows Mr. W. J. Harris of 173 James street north, Hamilton, Ont., will read his letter with considerable interest. Mr. Harris' friends are glad to see him about again and in good health and spirits. Like so many thousands of people these days, he allowed his health to get run down and his nerves to get exhausted. Experiments with various so-called nerve medicines proved unsatisfactory, and as a result he was getting discouraged lest he could not regain his old-time vigor and shake off the tired, languid feelings which make one feel as though old age was suddenly closing in upon him.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was advised, and we shall leave Mr. Harris to tell in his own words how he has been benefited by this great food cure. Under date of March 26, 1902, he writes: "Some time ago I became run down in health, and had a severe attack of nervousness. I felt fatigued, could not sleep, and was pretty badly used up generally. I tried several nerve medicines, but with no good results. I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am thankful to say that three boxes entirely cured me, and I can strongly recommend it to persons suffering from nervous diseases or debility."

"I am trying to induce a friend of mine to use this treatment. His case is of long standing, very chronic, and more like palsy, but I feel certain that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will cure him; though, on account of the severity of his case, it may take some time."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most thoroughly reliable and effective blood-builder and nerve restorative that is to be obtained, and is consequently invaluable at this season of the year. Fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### A Golf Sermon.

To illustrate his text, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," an Edinburgh minister the other day drew upon familiar golf expressions. He said:

"Not far from the Kingdom of God" is not within it. That is how I would put it. "Never up, never in." I dare say those of you who are golfers know what that means, and I am sure if you have ever paid any attention to the game you will be struck by the way in which the game of golf seems to reproduce the common scenes of life. Those of you who don't play may know that the great object is to put the little white ball into the little hole. So long as you

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WANT THE BEST

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

are short of that, if you don't do it—well, the other man does it before you. He has won the hole. And in doing this, when you come to what is called the "putting green," and you take your putt—it may be a beautiful putt, it may run straight to the hole, but if it stops short you will say to yourself, and your partner will say to you, "Never up, never in." It is a beauty, but it wants legs. And that is just exactly the situation here—not far from the kingdom. You may be "lying dead," as we say. The next shot is sure to do it. "Never up, never in."

### All Hail the Microbe!

Go draw the curtains, sister, and stop up all the chinks.  
For microbes and bacilli are kicking up high jinks.  
Go sterilize the water and disinfect the cook.  
The germ is grimly stalking like some pursuing spook!

And while you're doing these things,  
You'd better do 'em twice—  
And when you've got 'em finished,  
Go down and boil the ice!

Be careful of the mutton (oh! guard ye well the meat!)  
It's full of varied microbes we would not care to eat!  
And trace the antecedents of that seductive stew—  
We know not how much danger is lurking in the brew!

Go, vaccinate the oatmeal  
And sulphurize the rice—  
And, once again, dear sister,  
DON'T fail to BOIL the ICE!  
—Baltimore "News."

### The "Royal Muskoka."

The opening up of the Highlands of Ontario, Canada, and the beautiful Muskoka Lake region, has been a veritable labor of love to the advertising department of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the coming summer promises such an influx of American tourists as will amply justify the outlay in hotel accommodation which has been recently made. The "Royal Muskoka," in fact, promises to become to Canada, in summer, what the "Royal Ponchartraine" is to Florida, in the winter months, the fashionable resort of the continent, where the romantic and the beautiful can be enjoyed with all the luxury and comfort of the most modern hotel life. The "Royal Muskoka," which has been built at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, very much resembles the architecture of the famous Flagler hotels, soft gray stucco walls, timbered across under its red-tiled roof, with deep, cool verandahs, commanding views of the surrounding lakes and islands. It has accommodation for 400 guests, and is the finest summer hotel in Canada. It will be opened on June 16. For all information as to rates, routes, etc., and illustrated descriptive literature, apply to M. C. Dickson, district passenger and ticket agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, Canada.

Mascagni is writing a new opera, with Marie Antoinette as the principal character. Heavens! Is the historical opera to come next?—Chicago "Tribune."

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AND WORKS OFF THE COLIC.**  
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The Little Children of the Rich.—Drawn by Reginald B. Birch.



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**MUSIC**

The Senate of the University of Toronto has decided to confer the degree of Doctor of Music upon Mr. F. H. Torrington, in recognition of his long labors in the cause of the art. The distinction has been well earned, and I am somewhat surprised that it has not been conferred at an earlier period. Dr. Torrington may be honestly congratulated, and it is hoped that he may long enjoy the honor.

Pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman and Mr. Heinrich Klingenberg, in piano and violin respectively, made a very praiseworthy showing at a recital in Nordheimer Hall on Saturday afternoon last. Making allowance for the extreme difficulty of the violin as a solo instrument, the honors of the afternoon may be credited to Miss Olive Sheppard for her spirited and brilliant rendering of De Berlioz's ninth concerto. Miss Sheppard not only played with a musical tone, but shows sensitivity of temperament. She is certainly one of our most talented players on the instrument. The performance of De Berlioz's "Scene de Ballet" by Miss Florence Kitchen was also excellent and reflected great credit upon her teacher and herself. Two younger pupils of Mr. Klingenberg, Master Fenton Job and Miss May Ryan, gave a very satisfactory account of themselves, both promising hopeful development. The pupils of Mr. Welsman, as might have been expected from so painstaking and efficient a teacher, all proved themselves to be accomplished performers with distinctive styles, and with advanced technical powers and musical appreciation. Miss Kate Marquis, Miss Helen M. Grasset, Miss Mabel Wolff and Miss Florence Turner are the names of these young ladies, who won much applause for themselves by their rendering of compositions by Raff, Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, Dreychock and Schumann. The concert closed with a performance of the first movement of Rubinstein's duo sonata in G for violin and piano, carefully interpreted by Messrs. Welsman and Klingenberg.

Owing to out-of-town concert engagements Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has been obliged to postpone the date of his recital announced for the 26th inst. till later in the season.

Dr. Charles Maclean recently gave a very interesting lecture in London, Eng., on "Sir Arthur Sullivan as a National Style-Building." He noted the fact that Sullivan was partly of Italian origin, which may perhaps have had something to do with his gifts of melody. He then traced the evolution of the composer's style through five periods, from the age of fourteen to his death at the age of fifty-eight. His earliest works showed no originality. Then came the period in which he was under the influence of the Mendelssohn oratorio. In the third period, which includes the operettas from "Pinafore" to the "Mikado," he emancipated himself from Italian and French influences, and created the new "Savoy" style. The fourth period (age forty-three to fifty) opened with the "Golden Legend," wherein Sullivan "brought up" purely English art to a level never dreamed of before; it ended penultimately with "Ivanhoe," which was not strong enough to create an English style of serious opera, and ended finally with the "Foresters," "a most engaging English work written for America and now strangely neglected." The fifth period was one of eight years, from the age of fifty till death. This was one of contented mastery, but ended with the "Rose of Persia," the masterpiece of the operettas. In the course of his lecture Mr. Maclean also showed how the Volkslied lay at the basis of all German formal music, of the last century at least, ending with Brahms; and how the national airs of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales differed radically from such a germ, and indeed were antagonistic in their nature to the developments of sonata form and other forms essentially Teutonic. In this ultimate fact, said Mr. Maclean, lay indisputably the fundamental difficulty found by the modern Englishman in creating an English style for general art. Sullivan's success in breaking away from the Teutonic style in the face of these difficulties, and in substituting a style of his own, constituted the true measure of his genius.

Mr. Sherlock and his associates in the Sherlock Concert Company appeared with marked success in Gravenhurst and Parry Sound last week. For some time Mr. Sherlock has been contemplating the forming of a second company, with a view to securing a larger amount of concert business and of accepting a larger number of engagements than have hitherto been possible owing to the inability of some of the members of the Male Quartette to leave the city often. The members of the new organization are Hattie Morse Flanagan, soprano; Hattie A. Turk, pianist, and J. M. Sherlock, tenor, all well-known platform favorites.

A hall well filled with enthusiastic people greeted Miss Annie J. Proctor on Thursday evening last week, on the occasion of her piano recital given at the Metropolitan School of Music. Her programme included standard compositions by Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt, and also by Wallenstein, Hans Seeling, William Mason, Olsen and Forsyth. There was considerable variety in the manner in which these were interpreted, some being given with much sentiment and ease, while throughout it was clear that Miss Proctor has a "big" technique. She was the recipient of two very beautiful bouquets of roses. Diversity to the piano numbers was in the form of three songs, given by Miss Beatty, the fortunate possessor

of an exceedingly attractive mezzo-soprano voice.

Mr. J. Coates Lockhart, the well-known tenor, leaves this week for New York, where he will join the Haydn Male Quartette as first tenor for a number of recitals in the city and vicinity.

The talented Canadian musician, Mr. W. H. Hewlett, who for the past six years has so satisfactorily filled the position of organist and choirmaster of Dundas Street Methodist Church, London, Ont., will terminate his connection with that church on July 1. Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett will pass a vacation of six months in Europe, and on their return Mr. Hewlett will enter upon his new duties as organist and choirmaster of the Centenary Methodist Church, Hamilton. Mr. Hewlett will be a valuable acquisition to the musical circles of the Ambitious City.

It was a big feast of music containing many new vintages that Mr. Arthur Howard Blight of New York and Mrs. Julie Wyman gave at their joint recital at McConkey's assembly rooms on Tuesday evening. The event was very much in the nature of a social function, a large representation of society ladies attending to show their appreciation of the long services in the cause of music of Mrs. H. M. Blight, for the benefit of whose son, Mr. Arthur Blight, the concert had been principally arranged. There was no doubt, however, a keen curiosity to hear Mr. Blight, who has not appeared in concert in this city since he went to New York to pursue his professional career. When it is said that the programme contained twenty-six numbers, it will be understood that two artists were very liberal in their offerings. Mr. Blight, it is pleasant to record, made a very favorable impression, the critical audience giving him many demonstrations of approval during the evening. He has a strong, baritone voice, is an scholarly and tasteful interpreter, and has the merit of enunciating with clearness. Mr. Blight is as yet a young vocalist, and in due course of time may be expected to show increased development of dramatic power, and more resources of variety of tone quality. Mr. Blight essayed the experiment of introducing Arthur Somervell's cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud." Speaking for myself, the cycle did not make any specially pleasant impression. The number

Dead, long dead, long dead!

And my heart is a handful of dust!

was very much in the nature of a nightmare. The music is not as disconcerted as the words; indeed, it would have taken Berlioz or Saint-Saens to have pictured the horrors of the poem in tones. The "Go Not, Happy Day" was light and felicitous in treatment, and the "O Let the Solid Ground," while pessimistic, effective. As for "Come into the Garden, Maud," it will not begin to compare in the elements of popularity with the old setting with which Sims Reeves used to delight his countless admirers. Mr. Blight made quite a distinct success in Walter Damrosch's setting of Kipling's "Danny Deever," which he interpreted in a manner quite free from any melodramatic tendencies. Maude Valerie White's "Marching Along" was sung with appropriate vigor and spirit, and Allister's "Since We Parted" was an excellent and attractive effort. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon Mrs. Wyman's share in the programme. Her warm, colored, musical voice, ripe experience and rich, artistic resources made her selection a delightful treat. She sang numbers by Brahms, Chamade, Foote, Nevin, Victor Harris, Faure, Edna Rosalind Park, Noel Johnson and Maude Valerie White, with a control of varied timbre and a finish rarely found in singers of the mezzo-soprano class. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments so as to support the singers to the best advantage.

The new Savoy opera, "Merrie England," by Captain Basil Hood and Mr. German has been given its premiere in London, and has been received very favorably. The critical opinion seems to be that while one misses the humor, the quips and cranks, the merry metaphor and paradox of the Gilbert and Sullivan old-time operas, the composer and librettist have succeeded in producing a bright and pleasing entertainment, with a book and dialogue containing "nothing at which the most prudish of maiden aunts could take offence." London "Truth," in fact, says that "while the opera is a delight to the senses, a pale young curate could enjoy it without a blush. Mr. German's principal success is said to be found in his felicitous examples of the old English dance forms and the old glee and ballad. The choral workman is praised as above the average, while the music as a whole is refreshingly free from imitation. Mr. Hood has not attempted in his libretto the happy-turvyism of Mr. Gilbert, but has resorted to a good deal of word-twisting. There is also an obvious intention to burlesque the Shakespearean methods. As an instance of the humor, when one of the characters refers to a "sea of troubles" in the soliloquy "To be or not to be," he insists that the word sea is the cue for a hornpipe, which, in company with a couple of riverside girls, he proceeds to dance. Among the characters are Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Essex, Herne the hunter, Bessie Throgmorton, and Wilkins, a Shakespearean number. A long run is predicted for the opera, which will be popular mainly on account of its thoroughly old English spirit.

Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest," will be on the programme of the Crystal Palace concert, London, to be given on July 5. There will be an orchestra and chorus of 3,000 members, and the concert will be given in connection with the American exhibition.

The vocal recital by Mr. Edward Barton and his pupils in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday evening of last week was very well attended. The programme consisted of songs, duets, trio and quartette by male and mixed voices, and a chorus from the "Bohemian Girl." Mr. Barton was in

good form, and has, it is thought, never sung to better advantage here. The pupils who appeared were Victor Stone, a new soprano, who was much applauded; W. R. Gibson, baritone; Digby Hardy, tenor, and the Misses Middleton, F. Stone, B. Tamblin (Bowmanville), F. Fisher, Josephine McFee and E. Watt. Both Victor Stone and W. R. Gibson won hearty encores for their numbers.

The Sousa Band will be heard again in concert at the Massey Hall next month.

Mr. T. Arthur Miller, late organist of Carlton Street Methodist Church, has accepted the position of organist and musical director of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Central Park West, New York.

Mr. Torrington has already commenced the rehearsals of Coleridge-Taylor's cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." It has not yet been announced when the Mendelssohn Choir will follow suit. Now that both Mr. Torrington and the Mendelssohn Choir Committee have announced their firm resolve to produce the same work next season, some interesting competition may be expected. It must be admitted that the Mendelssohn Choir were the first to announce the work for production next season, but as there are no exclusive rights to the performance, there is nothing to prevent half a dozen choirs attempting it at the same time.

Mr. Frank Austen, an advanced pupil of Mr. Tripp, announces a farewell recital in the Conservatory Music Hall for the evening of May 26. It is Mr. Austen's intention to devote the next season or two to study in Europe. Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray and Mr. Chrystal Brown have been engaged to assist in the programme.

Mr. Smedley announces that Thursday, May 1, at Guild Hall, will be the date of the annual mandolin, banjo and guitar concert. Forty performers on these instruments—the combined clubs of the College of Music and the University—will take part in a specially arranged programme, and will be assisted by Mrs. Hamburger, reader; Mr. W. G. Armstrong, baritone, and Mr. G. F. Smedley, mandolin, banjo and guitar soloist.

Violin pupils of Mr. F. C. Smith gave a recital in the Hall of the Toronto College of Music on last Thursday evening. Those brought forward were Ruth Coryell, Marguerite Chapman, Enor and Burwell Coon, Bertha Brewster, Frank Coryell, William Craig and William Parker. The programme, which proved interesting, embraced solos, duets and trios, varying in point of difficulty in accordance with each pupil's advancement. The work of the pupils reflected credit upon Mr. Smith as a teacher. A piano solo was contributed by Meriam Coryell.

Those who attended Miss Emma Zoellner's recital at the Conservatory of Music on Friday evening of last week were well repaid, for Miss Zoellner is sufficiently equipped for the carrying out of a programme such as she presented on that occasion. She has a beautiful singing tone in cantabile passages, and a brilliancy sufficiently penetrating without being hard, where required, while her interpretations are musically, all showing the training of her teacher, Mr. Tripp, to whom she owes much credit. Miss Edna MacDonald, a soprano with a well-sustained voice of excellent quality, sang songs by Nevin and Del Riego in a finished style.

The recital of original musical compositions on Thursday, the 17th inst., given by Mrs. Harrison at the Conservatory, was both largely attended and full of interest and pleasure to those present, among whom were Dr. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Dickson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. and Miss Eva Jones, Mrs. J. A. Patterson, Mrs. John Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Dignam, the Rev. Ernest Wood and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and many others. Apart from the novelty of the programme, which included settings of lyrics by Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Austin Dobson, Theophile Gautier, and a well-known literature of Ottawa, Mr. F. A. Dixon, the chief delight of the enthusiastic audience showed itself in the warm applause greeting almost each number, the singers being so extremely well suited with their songs. Mrs. H. W. Parker probably never sang better, her pure and fresh soprano being heard to great advantage in Mr. Dixon's beautiful song, with violin obligato played by Mrs. Drechsle-Adamson, "When I Grow Old." Mr. Wyly Grier was also happily fitted with three widely contrasted songs, rendered with even more than his accustomed charm. Madame Strauss Youngheart gave great dramatic feeling to a song sung in perfect French, the words by Gautier, and her fine voice seemed undiminished in force and musical quality. Mr. Allan Fairweather, the leading tenor at St. James' Cathedral, was most unfortunately prevented from appearing by illness, but Mr. Arthur Heyes displayed a pleasing and even tenor voice in a couple of songs and a duet with Miss Elsie Blake, a member of Westminster Church choir. Mr. Oscar Wenborne sustained his high reputation in two difficult baritone songs, and Mr. Harrison, Jr., gave much pleasure to his friends in a setting of Austin Dobson's poem, "The Prodigals." Mr. Paul Jarvis read with his wonted dignity and melodiousness of voice, and all the accompaniments were played by the composer.

The surprised choir of forty voices connected with St. John's Anglican Church, Peterboro', and directed by Mr. Rupert Gliddon, attaining a high standard of excellence. Master Reginald Deacon, soprano, has recently been engaged to assist the choir.

CHERUBINO.  
Innovation in Treating.

Rise Ribbonites, to whom the increase in the habit of treating among

hall with enthusiasm an innovation which, while satisfying the generous impulse of the treaters, does not affect the sobriety of himself and his friend. The other evening, the shopman in charge of a well-known chemist's was about to shut up for the night when three very intoxicated men, reeled into the establishment. Each one was chewing an unlighted cigar, and bore a facial expression which denoted befuddled brains. They lined up along the counter with their elbows on the showcase, looked at the worried assistant and then around the shop. "What'll you have?" asked one of them. "Tooth-brush," laconically answered the man next to him. "I'll have the same," said the next one. "Me, too," chimed in the first speaker. Each one selected a shilling brush and put it in his pocket.

The shopman gave a sigh of relief as the treaters handed him the money in payment. "Stop a min'," said the worst wrecked man of the three, "have one with me. Hand out the soap." Out came an assorted variety of toilet soap, and each man gravely selected a cake. The three stood for a minute, smelling their soap in apparent enjoyment, and then deposited it in their pockets. "One more 'fore we go," said the third man; "what'll it be?" "I'll take liquorice in mine," answered one man. "A right; liquorice for three," added the third man. The liquorice was produced, each man gravely selected a stick, and having thrown their cigar-stumps on the floor, the three revellers marched out as decorously as possible under the circumstances, each with a stick of liquorice between his lips.

Americanese.

"Wossatchooogot?"  
"Afnoekicker, Lassidition."  
"Lemmeseeut."  
"Taykut, Nuthinnut."  
"H'm! Paypssezzrain."  
"Yeh. Icanalztellwenraiscummin' Canchoo?"  
"Naw. How?"  
"Bone-zake."  
"Squeer!"—Chicago "Tribune."

In another column will be noticed an announcement that the music of S. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," which is announced to be included in next season's repertoire of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and the Toronto Festival Chorus, is on sale at Whaley, Royce & Co. (Limited), 158 Yonge street, who state that they are enjoying a brisk trade for the work.

Tommy—Ma, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday? Mrs. Fogg—No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.—"Waverley Magazine."

A celebrated barrister was on his way to the law courts one day, with his bag full of briefs, when he was accosted by a funny friend, who asked him if he had become a dealer in old clothes. "No," replied the smart barrister, "these are all new suits!"—"Household Words"

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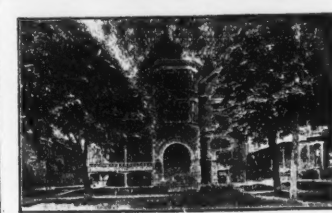
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and important engagements on both  
sides of the Atlantic. Her lovely "cello-  
like" notes are heard to perfection in  
the many grand oratorios in which she  
takes part.

On next Wednesday Mr. Lorne Som-  
erville and Miss Blanche Hunter are  
to be married. The ceremony will take  
place in Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs.  
Somerville of Atherley, parents of the  
groom-elect, have been much missed  
from society this season in Toronto.  
Mr. Somerville's health exacted a resi-  
dence in a congenial climate, and ex-  
cept for visits home, Mrs. Somerville  
has been with him in the South. Miss  
Irene Somerville, who was ill for a time,  
is now quite better, and friends hope  
soon to see this popular family in their  
old place in le monde ou l'on s'amuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob McCulloch were in  
town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harry  
Duck have taken Mr. Bartlett's house  
in Cecil street. Miss Grace Peters, who  
has been a welcome visitor in town for  
some time, returns home, I hear, to-  
day.

Sad and sudden bereavements have  
fallen upon two families of prominence  
in Toronto this week, each costing the  
life of a son of the house. An acci-  
dent resulting in the death of Mr.  
Warren Burton, son of Lady Burton  
of Oak Lodge, and brother-in-law of  
Mrs. Walter Barwick, was a great  
shock to the community. Mr. Burton,  
in some manner, fell from a railway  
train, and was instantly killed. Every-  
one gave quick and tender thought to  
his aged and widowed mother, and  
sympathy has been expressed with  
very great sincerity for her and for  
Mrs. Burton, as well as the family con-  
nection, in their bereavement. The  
second sad news came from that fute-  
ful land, South Africa, saying that a  
fine young soldier, Alec Boyd, son of  
Sir John Boyd, had given his life for  
the Empire. There is a pathos in the  
death of the soldier from fever which  
goes even deeper than the quicker  
sacrifice upon the field of battle. Brave,  
big, handsome Alec Boyd is mourned  
deeply and sadly, though he died with  
no glare of glory or red flash of hero-  
ism to light his going forth. His peo-  
ple and his friends needed none such to  
add to his sterling qualities, and his  
memory will be cherished with tender  
regret that so fine a fellow was the  
victim of disease and death. To Sir  
John and Lady Boyd in their great  
grief much sympathy flows.

All the participants in the Terpsi-  
choron revels at Massey Hall united  
in a subscription of very small indi-  
vidual amounts to present the very  
pleasant and popular Signor Angostini,  
who had drilled them for the affair,  
with a fine gold watch. Many in num-  
ber, the subscriptions soon amounted to  
quite a large amount, purchasing the  
watch and a nice fob as well. His  
Honour Judge Macdougall of Carlton  
Lodge made the presentation on Mon-  
day evening at the Pavilion, where a  
final reunion of the cast took place.  
The young folks had a jolly little  
dance for a couple of hours afterwards.

Miss Coady, who was announced to  
have returned from the South, is, as a  
matter of fact, not expected home until  
next week.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard of Winnipeg  
gave one of the prettiest teas of the  
season last week, at which the elite of  
the Prairie City were present. Miss  
McNeill of Montreal and Miss Smith  
of Madison avenue, Toronto, are visit-  
ing Mrs. Leonard. I hear that the  
hostess looked very well in a handsome  
gown of gray crepe de chine.

Mr. and Mrs. Blewett are to move  
directly into a pretty house, newly  
finished, in Roseboro avenue, which  
they have purchased.

On Wednesday afternoon at two  
o'clock, at the Elm Street Methodist  
Church, Mr. John Edward Potts, son  
of the Rev. Dr. Potts, was married to  
Miss Margaret Clarissa, daughter of  
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score of Toronto.  
The ceremony was performed by the  
father of the groom, assisted by the  
Rev. Mr. Odery, pastor of the church,  
and was rendered very impressive by  
Shelley's beautiful hymn, "The Voice

That Breathed O'er Eden," sung by a  
quartette, composed of Mr. Carnahan,  
Mr. Allan Fisher, Miss Mae Mawhin-  
ney and Miss Florence Macpherson.  
The church was profusely decorated  
with azaleas and palms. The bride,  
who was given away by her father,  
was attired in white Liberty crepe,  
composed of long clinging folds, caught  
with seed pearls, the long train having  
chiffon butterflies studded with pearls  
from waist to hem. Her tulle veil was  
surmounted by a wreath of orange  
blossoms. She wore a handsome pearl  
necklace with turquoise clasp, the gift  
of the groom, and carried a bouquet  
of bride's roses. Her maid of honor, Miss  
Ida Boone, and bridesmaid, Miss Bes-  
sie Potts, were dressed in white silk  
organdie over blue taffeta, with black  
picture hats, and carried American  
Beauty roses. A young niece and  
nephew of the bride, Clara Shillington  
and Andrew H. Score, acted as flower-  
girl and page, the former wearing a  
pretty frock of India silk and Valen-  
ciennes lace. All the bride's party  
were recipients of valuable souvenir  
gifts from the groom, the maid of hon-  
or and bridesmaid receiving turquoise  
rings, the little flower-girl a pearl ser-  
pent ring, and the page a signet ring.  
Mr. Fred Score, a brother of the bride,  
was best man. Dr. George Millicamp,  
Mr. Allan Fisher, Mr. Percy Edwards  
and Mr. Tom Fahey were ushers. Miss  
Jessie Perry presided at the organ.  
After the ceremony there was a recep-  
tion at the home of the bride's father,  
"Woodlands," University avenue,  
which was also decorated with azaleas  
and palms for the occasion, and where  
an orchestra greeted the bridal party  
with nuptial music on their arrival.  
Later, Mr. and Mrs. Potts left for New-  
York, the bride wearing brown broad-  
cloth, the skirt strapped a la mode  
and bedecked with gilt buttons, the  
fancy Eton coat having a vest of Per-  
sian silk. The hat was bisque straw,  
trimmed with golden brown chrysan-  
themums.

Colonel Denison of Heydon Villa and  
Mrs. Denison are in London, where the  
Colonel is to speak several times on  
"Imperial Federation." Mrs. Schoen-  
berger and Miss Tate sailed for a long  
visit to the Old Country this week.  
Miss Annie Morrice of Montreal is visit-  
ing friends in town. Miss Scott of  
Jameson avenue has gone to England.  
Mr. James Carruthers is home from  
England.

Housecleaning, which is particularly  
a trial in spring, is the event of the  
week in many smart circles. Very few  
hostesses are at home on their "days"  
this time of year.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout enter-  
tained at dinner one evening this week.  
Several marriages are arranged for the  
month of roses. Miss Patteson and Mr.  
McInnes and Miss Evelyn Perrin and  
Mr. Dean are, I hear, to be wedded in  
June.

All those pretty houses in Rosedale  
are being snapped up. I hear Mr.  
Henry Osborne has taken one of them.  
Mr. and Mrs. Kerr of Powell avenue,  
Rosedale, have gone to the West, where  
Mr. Kerr's company have given him an  
important position.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMurrich are  
now living at 86 St. George street. Miss  
Arlene Jones of Rosedale is visiting in  
Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mitchell, who  
have been away for some months, are  
expected home this week.

Captain Duncan Campbell of the  
Royal Fusiliers, the youngest D.S.O. in  
the service, and Miss Louise O'Reilly,  
the sweet young daughter of Judge  
O'Reilly of Hamilton, were married  
on Wednesday in Hamilton. Captain  
Campbell has a number of prominent  
connections and relatives in Toronto,  
some of whom went up to his wedding.  
He is a nephew of Mr. Barlow Cum-  
berland and Mrs. Skae. Miss O'Reilly  
was one of the belles of some smart  
dances here since her debut, and is a  
most attractive and charming girl.

Lady Dufferin of Clandeboye is with  
her married daughter, Lady Helen  
Munro-Ferguson, in Scotland for a  
visit. Changes have taken place at  
Clandeboye, and a general reduction of  
expenses and retainers was inaugu-  
rated after the Marquis of Dufferin's  
funeral was over.

Mrs. Beardmore had a small informal  
tea for a few of Mrs. Charles Kings-  
mill's friends one afternoon last week,  
when they bade farewell to that bright  
and charming lady whose absence  
causes a blank in many a pleasant cir-  
cle.

Mr. Paul Jarvis, secretary of the  
Board of Trade, has gone east on a trip  
about the conference to be held on  
Board of Trade matters in Toronto in  
June.

The D.S.O. was to have been con-  
ferred upon Major James Mason, R.G.,  
on Thursday evening, and Colonel  
Bruce sent out invitations for the  
pleasant event, which were cancelled  
on the news of the death of Mr. Alec  
Boyd in South Africa, who was an offi-  
cer of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto.  
The order will be conferred at a later  
date upon Major Mason.

Lady Gzowski has returned from  
England, where she spent the winter.  
She crossed in the "Campania," and  
the voyage was very pleasant. She  
was met at the wharf at New York by  
her son, Mr. Casimir Gzowski, and  
Mrs. Gzowski, who were glad to find  
her so well.

Mrs. Lister and her daughters, of  
Walmer road, are going to the Sault  
for the summer. Mrs. Ramsay of  
Montreal is visiting her daughter, Mrs.  
Gordon Osler. On Friday they were as-  
sisted by Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Hilda

The Allegro Club gave a benefit con-  
cert at Craigleigh last Friday, which  
was quite successful. This club is com-  
posed of young girls "not out," and is  
a very interesting and earnest coterie.  
The names of the members are Miss  
Mary Gzowski, Miss Muriel Eddis, Miss  
Beatrice Delamere, Miss Julia Cayley,  
Miss Mary Osler and Miss Georgina  
Nanton. On Friday they were assisted  
by Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Hilda

Boulton, Miss Helen Grasset and Miss  
Helen Brough. Mr. Eugene Lockhart  
also gave much appreciated help with  
specialties. Quite a smart audience  
heard the programme with much fa-  
vor.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lamb, who  
have been residing at Mrs. Mason's, St.  
George street, are going to spend the  
summer on the Island. Lieutenant-  
Colonel and Mrs. J. B. McLean are  
home from the South, where they have  
been sojourning during Colonel Mc-  
Lean's convalescence. Mrs. W. B.  
Scarth of Ottawa has had the misfor-  
tune to fracture a bone in her arm.  
Her Toronto friends are grieved to  
hear of her accident.

May weddings are mostly taboo, but  
experience has shown us hereabouts  
that no happier marriages have turned  
out than those contracted in the un-  
popular month aforesaid.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lennox gave  
an evening in celebration of the tenth  
anniversary of their marriage last week.  
Only a small company of intimate  
friends celebrated the "tin" anniver-  
sary. The supper table was decora-  
ted with pink roses and quaint orna-  
ments made in tin. The score-cards  
for the card game were heart-shaped,  
and made of tin, tied with pink rib-  
bons. It was quite an unique and clev-  
erly gotten up celebration.

An exceedingly pretty and fashion-  
able wedding was celebrated at Zion  
Presbyterian Church, Brantford, April  
17, at two o'clock in the afternoon,  
when Miss Edith Maud, only daughter  
of the late Alexander D. Clement, for  
many years postmaster at Brantford,  
was married to Dr. William J. Ritchie  
of Warren, Ohio. The ceremony was  
performed by Rev. W. A. J. Martin, in  
the presence of a large number of  
guests. The bride, who was one of  
Brantford's most popular young ladies,  
entered the church with her brother,  
in a beautiful white duchess satin  
gown, en train, trimmed with white  
chiffon and pearls. She wore a veil  
and carried a large bouquet of white  
roses and orange blossoms. The brides-  
maids were Miss Alexandra Suther-  
land of Bay City, Mich., Miss Lucy  
Mackay of Hamilton, Miss Ritchie,  
sister of the groom, and Miss Anna  
Wisner of Brantford. They were  
dressed in white India silk, trimmed  
with Honiton lace, and wore large  
white picture hats, with chiffon scarves  
and pink roses, and each carried a  
large bouquet of American Beauty  
roses. The groomsmen were Dr. C. C.  
Pisette of Brantford and the ushers  
were Dr. W. P. Thompson of Toronto,  
Mr. Harry McFadden of Toronto, Mr.  
L. W. Duncan of Galt and Mr. M. W.  
McEwen of Brantford. After the cere-  
mony a reception was held at Duffette  
Place, the residence of the bride's  
mother, and a dejeuner was served.  
The groom presented the bride with a  
magnificent sunburst of pearls and di-  
amonds, and each of the bridesmaids  
with a beautiful pearl crescent. Dr.  
and Mrs. Ritchie will reside in Warren,  
Ohio.

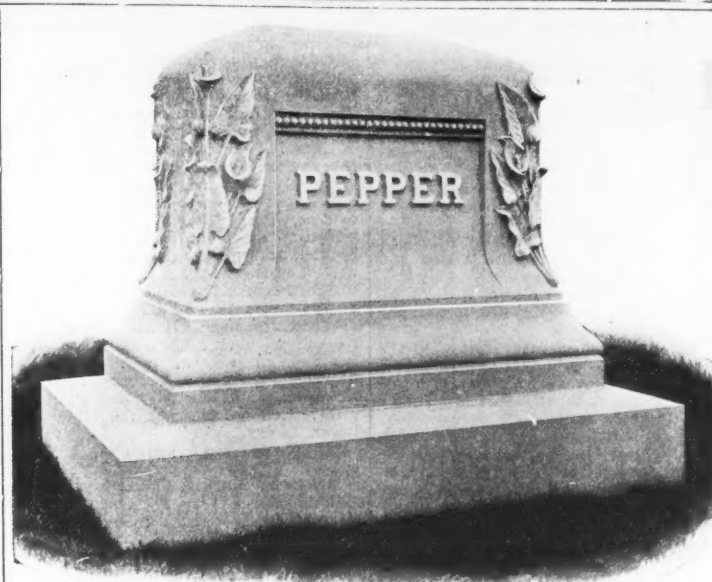
I hear that the mineral baths at St.  
Catharines have quite set Mr. Victor  
Heron on his feet, after his long and  
tedious illness. He is expected home  
to-day.

Mrs. and Miss Hodgins will not re-  
turn to town until July. Their tenant,  
Mr. Walde, has leased their home until  
the end of June. Mr. Hodgins and his  
son, Mr. Percy Hodgins, are having a  
cosy little time en garcon in St. George  
street during their absence. Mr. and  
Mrs. Walde are home from England.

Next Sunday week, May 11th, is the  
day of the Garrison church parade to  
Massey Hall, at three o'clock p.m.

A pretty house wedding took place  
in St. Catharines on Wednesday eve-  
ning at seven o'clock, when Mr. John  
Draper Dobie was married to Miss  
Jessie Lucille, daughter of Mrs. S.  
Fenton. The home of the bride was  
beautifully decorated with palms and  
Easter lilies. An aisle was formed by  
means of white satin ribbons leading  
to the bay window, where the cere-  
mony was performed by Rev. Herbert  
Lee. The bride's gown was of  
white duchess satin, elaborately  
trimmed with chiffon, frills and  
silk applique. Her tulle veil was  
arranged with real orange blossoms  
from her cousin's grove in Redlands,  
Cal., and she carried bride's roses,  
with showers of lilies of the valley  
and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaid,  
Miss Annie Fenton, wore Nile green  
Liberty satin, and carried a beautiful  
cluster of Easter lilies. The best man  
was Mr. Frank G. Coy of Niagara  
Falls, Ont., and the ushers Mr. C. A.  
Poon of New York and Mr. B. W. V.  
Poon of Buffalo. After the dejeuner  
Mr. and Mrs. Dobie left for New York,  
the bride going away in a tailor-made  
gown of black broadcloth, strapped  
with taffeta, stitched with white,  
and a black and white hat to  
match. The bridegroom gave the  
bride a ring, with twin setting of  
diamonds and sapphires, and to the  
ushers he gave gold scarf-pins, set  
with Baroque pearls. The bride pre-  
sented her maid with a tortoiseshell  
comb set with Baroque pearls. Many  
out-of-town guests assembled at the  
wedding, among whom was a large  
party from Buffalo, consisting of Mr.  
and Mrs. B. Fenton, Mr. and Mrs. C.  
M. Fenton, the Misses Fenton, Mr.  
and Mrs. Paul Vorhees, Mr. and Mrs.  
Van Loan Whitehead, Miss Walker,  
Miss Fosbinder, Mr. Edmund Shaw,  
and Mr. B. W. Fenton. From Toronto  
came Miss Marion Barker, Mrs. Hu-  
bert Watt and Mrs. J. A. Burgess.  
Others were Mr. C. A. Poon of New  
York, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vall, and Mr.  
and Mrs. F. Vall of Fenton, N.Y., Mr.  
and Mrs. J. B. Dobie of Thessalon,  
Ont., Mr. Coy and Mr. Taylor of  
Niagara Falls, Ont. After the depar-  
ture of the bridal couple a very de-  
lightful dance was enjoyed by the  
guests.

The Honorable George W. Ross,  
I.L.D., Premier of Ontario, will de-  
liver the commencement day oration  
in connection with the May convoca-  
tion of McMaster University, to be  
held in the main audience room of the  
Walmer Road Church on Wednesday  
evening, May 7th.



SARCOPHAGUS MONUMENT

The work of F. B. GULLETT & SONS, monumental sculptors, 740 and 742  
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woman who writes shorthand, can do type-  
writing, has some colloquial knowledge of  
French and German, is willing to travel, and  
desires experience more than salary. Address  
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One of the choicest locations of Toronto  
With  
Every modern accommodation.  
Suitable for  
Social, Professional and Business  
patrons.

A. M. SNELL, 39 GROSVENOR ST., TORONTO.

### Breaking the Ice.

Some society people, remarks Hal  
Berte in "Pick-Me-Up," are greatly  
perturbed over a problem that pre-  
sents itself when two persons, of op-  
posite sexes, who are strangers to  
each other, are introduced for the pur-  
pose of going in to dinner together.  
The vital question is which, under the  
circumstances, should speak first?  
Without posing as an authority on  
etiquette, I venture to suggest that  
the onus of speaking first naturally  
devolves upon the gentleman, because  
the lady is bound to ultimately get  
even by having the last word. Of  
course, if the gentleman really wants  
the lady to lead off, the best thing he  
can do is to accidentally tread on her  
dress. In which case she will prob-  
ably say something commencing with  
the fourth letter of the alphabet.  
With this cue, profuse apologies can  
be tendered, and the rest is easy.

### The Last Words of Great Men.

On the subject of Cecil Rhodes' last  
words—so little done, so much to do—  
London "Truth" says: "Mr. Rhodes  
was not given to high-flown talk, and  
I suspect the story of his 'last words'  
is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed  
that it seems a necessity that every  
distinguished man should die 'with  
some sonorous and quotable saying in  
his mouth.' Mr. Pitt was supposed to  
have expired exclaiming 'How do I  
leave my country!' It was afterwards  
established on conclusive evidence that  
his real last words were, 'I fancy I  
could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies.'  
Mr. Fox was credited with some be-  
coming observation about public af-  
fairs, whereas his last words conveyed  
a request for barley water. Sir Robert  
Peel was stated to have died after an  
ejaculation about the blessings of  
cheap bread. In reality he awoke for  
a few minutes, after several hours of  
sleep, said, 'God bless you all,' and  
died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported  
to have exclaimed, 'Any news in the  
Gazette?' with his last breath, where-  
as he muttered, 'I feel overwhelmed.'"

### His Face His Misfortune.

A New Jersey minister who was  
obliged to give up his pastorate very  
bitterly ascribed his misfortune to the  
fact that he combed his hair pompa-  
dour. "I admit," he said, "that I am  
not a handsome man, and it is my  
experience that many women would  
rather see a good-looking man than  
hear a good sermon."

## SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK APRIL 28

MATINEES DAILY

## The Return of Vaudeville

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

## THE GREAT KELLAR

Displaying His Own Original Discoveries in  
the Realm of the Marvellous.  
"CREATION REVEALED."  
The Production of Human Bodies from  
Empty Space.  
"THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE"  
Of Kellar Himself.  
"THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN"  
The Mystery of the Blue Room.  
"THE FLIGHT OF THE ADEPT"  
The Projection of the Human Body Thro'  
Space.  
"THE PASSING OF MAN"  
The Fading Away of a Living Person Be-  
fore the Very Eyes of the Audience.  
And Indeed the Weirdest, Most Astonish-  
ing Performance Ever Seen in America.

SEATS NOW ON SALE

## MASSEY MUSIC HALL

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 28th

The New Canadian Soprano, Miss  
**ETHEL MARTIN**  
The Talented Young Pianist, Miss  
**ANNA FYSHE**  
and the Farewell Appearance of  
**PLUNKET GREENE**  
in famous favorites. Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.  
Sale of seats now open.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 1st

The Splendid English Baritone

**WATKIN MILLS**  
assisted by the renowned Polish pianist,  
**EDUARD FARKOVICH**  
and **OWEN A. SWILL** in Musical Sketches.  
Prices—\$1.75c, 50c, 25c. Seats on sale Monday.

## Lighter Underwear

And you can with safety change into medium  
weight wool, but see that it is PURE, undyed  
wool. We can give it to you at

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Then our WARPER brand speaks for itself.

It is Warranted Pure.

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Of the several "Jaeger" textures we can

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## A Temptation Resisted.

It was on the frontier. A woman stood in the door of the house, looking at a distant tendril of smoke that trailed in the sky, the smoke of the eastbound passenger train. She listened to the harsh creaking of the corn, and her face grew set.

"Rick had no right to bring me to such a place," she thought, forgetting how willingly she had come.

A man drove into the yard, tied his horse to the wheel of the wagon and came toward the house.

"Don't you know me, Kate?" he called loudly, to be heard above the wind.

"Why, George Gilbert, is it you?" she exclaimed. She held out her hand.

"How did you ever happen to get here? Come right into the house. Rick's gone to town for coal."

The man followed her into the main room of the house, which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen.

In one corner stood the stove; above it a long shelf covered with neatly scalloped papers, on which stood the lamps and tinware. A safe with perforated tin doors was in another corner.

A bit of ingrain carpet, a rocking chair and a round table with a red cover made the parlor.

"You see, I'm traveling for a grocery house," the man said, sitting down, "and I make Houston now, and your folks said I must be sure to come out and see you. How are you doing?"

"Doing?" Kate cried, scornfully looking around the room. "Can't you see? Making just enough to keep soul and body together—corn fourteen cents and we're nine miles from market."

"Why don't you come back home?" he asked, leaning forward in his chair and noticing how much Kate had aged since she came west.

"Rick never seems to think of it. Besides, I don't think we've got money enough to take one of us, let alone both. I just long to go. Sometimes it seems like I'd go wild staying here. A man can get along better in a woman."

"Are you coming?" he asked.

She stood a moment, straightening the cover on the table.

"Yes, I'll go," she said decisively. "There are a few things I must take, but I can be ready in half an hour."

"It's four-thirty," George called.

She laid her hat and cloak on the bed.

"I'm glad I baked the bread and dried apple pies this morning," she thought. "Men are so helpless about housework. I must leave some word of where I'm gone. I guess he has tried to be good to me, but he has no right to keep me here."

She found a sheet of the thin blue-lined paper on which she had so often written to her folks. She sat down on the bed with the ink-bottle on a chair near by.

"Dear Rick," she wrote, then hastily crossed it out and began "Rick."

Then she was motionless for a time, her eyes fixed on the ceiling. At last she wrote "George Gilbert is here and is going to lend me money to go home on. I cannot stand it here any longer. I hope you will forgive me, for I know you have tried to be good to me and

—"

She threw down her pen and ran into the kitchen. George stood in the doorway smoking and looking down the road.

"Ready?" he asked, without turning.

"Oh, I can't go," she cried huskily. "I can't go! He has done his best. It would be wicked when he has worked so hard. Poor Rick!" She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"All right," George answered. "I was willing to take you; but, if you think you'd better not, that's all right. I don't want to interfere, as I said before."

She watched him out of sight. Then she went into the house and laid her clothing back in the trunk. Her letter lay on the floor. She picked it up and threw it into the fire as if it had been something unclean. She watched it blaze and turn to a white ghost, which she crumbled with the poker. When the house had taken on its ordinary look, she put the teakettle on the stove and set the table for supper. As she cut one of her pies she smiled. She was to eat them, after all.

The wind had gone with the sun, and it was dusk when she heard the sound of wheels. She took the lantern

from the high shelf, lit it and set out for the barn.

"Is that you, Rick?" she called. Kate held the lantern while her husband unhitched and fed his horses. Then they walked together to the house. Through the open door a block of light fell on the ground, and within the red tablecloth and white dishes shone pleasant and cheerful.

"I've got some good news, sis," Rick said across the table as he helped himself to a third cut of pie. "Old man Shutz wants to buy this farm; says he don't like the way my land gouges out the corner of his section. He will take up the mortgage and give me six hundred dollars clear. It ain't much, but we can go back home and begin over again—begin over again in a country where a man gets a decent living for his sweat and labor."

Kate laid her head on the table and began to cry.

"Why, sis, ain't you tickled?" he asked. "I did it because I thought this was no place for you."

"I am awful pleased," she answered. "but I was so tired I thought mebbe you didn't care."

In the night the wind came up and set the cornstalks creaking and rustling with a thousand whispers, but they said to Kate, "Years fly, years fly—good-by, good-by." Now the whisper of the wind was sweet to her as she lay listening. "Years fly, years fly—good-by, good-by." —Waverley Magazine.

## The Village Philosopher.

Down at the corner grocery store Sat Billings. Half a dozen more were grouped about the stove that day.

To hear what Billings had to say. "Hain't my fault I was born so late,"

Here Billings lit his pipe. "It's fate; Yes, fate that shapes the lives o' men. An' tells 'em what to do an' when."

"The ones who used to win success Would find hard sleddin' now, I guess. In tryin' fer to write their name High on the deathless scroll o' fame. Here any man with brains can see— Things ain't like what they used to be. Back yonder when the world was new An' there was everything to do."

"Fact is, to-day there ain't no chance For anybody to advance. The things worth doin' have been done; There's nothin' left fer any one. Here Billings paused and took a few Long, lingering whiffs, and softly oled The smoke in clouds above his head. And thought a while, and then he said:

"Now there's Columbus; s'posin' he Was one of us to-day, he'd see There ain't no worlds a-loafin' round Just sort o' waitin' to be found. An' Frank with his ship an' kite, He couldn't interest us a mite. Fer little children in their play Are doin' all he done, to-day."

"The printin' press, the railway train, The ships that plow the ragin' main, An' telegraph an' telephone, An' all such things, were once unknown."

Then all a feller had to do Was just to think o' something new An' tell it to the people, when They'd class him with the brainy men."

"Some folks say we've as good a show As what they had a long ago. Fer findin' out things. That's all hosh; Leavin' is all we've got, b'gosh! It's blamed discouragin' to me To sort o' glance about an' see The easy things that men have done That made 'em famous, every one."

"An' say! I purty nearly hate The man who dares to intimate The wise men who have passed away Was smarter'n what we be to-day. And then with something like a smile He added: 'Guess they'd got the worst Of it if we'd 'a' got here first."

—Nixon Waterman in "Saturday Evening Post."

## Beating a Gambler at His Own Game.

If every one who has a system for beating the bank at Monte Carlo attempts to float a public company, as the young Earl of Rosslyn is doing, to invite the world to share in the profits, there will not be much available capital left for any other enterprises.

Whatever may be the peculiar merits of the scheme evolved by the English peer, who has recently been selling dog biscuit, the fact remains that despite the daily attack on the Monte Carlo bank by mathematicians with new systems the Casino continues to pay its large dividends.

Not only does the Prince of Monaco welcome the distinguished scientists

who come to deprive him of his wealth, but he even goes so far as to pay their railway fare home, when their money is gone, and to provide for them, if desired, one of the most picturesque spots in the world in which to blow their brains out. But pistol practice on the grounds is very distasteful to the prince; hence his readiness to provide funds to place the unlucky system player in some other part of the world, where he may take his life in whatever manner he pleases, without disturbing the other players at the tables.

One of the recreations of a well-known New York banker, who has no need to "break the bank" at Monte Carlo to provide funds for himself, is to play imaginary roulette on a complicated system of his own invention.

Although a yearly visitor at Monte Carlo, he has never staked a sou on the spin of the ball at the Casino. Back in his college days he was an honor man in mathematics, and he still delights in odd computations that have no connection with dividends and money rates.

One day last spring at Monte Carlo he amused himself by making a "graphic chart" of the "rouge et noir" croupier for five hundred consecutive rolls. Governed by the immutable laws of chance, the zigzag line, tracing the variations from one color to the other, appeared to have certain sub-zigzags of similar outline occurring at irregular intervals.

Taking the daily record sheets of the roulette wheels, the New York banker made up charts, all of which showed the same characteristic zigzags, with "high levels," "low levels," "criss-crosses," "runs" and "shutes," and other peculiarities, for which the mathematical American has an elaborate nomenclature.

Coming back to New York, he privately engaged, in another part of the office building in which is his banking house, a small room, which he fitted up as a miniature Monte Carlo. Six young women spent three weeks there spinning the roulette wheels and making charts of the fall of the balls.

These charts represent the equivalent of a year's play at one of the tables at Monte Carlo. The banker keeps them in a safe-deposit box, marked "strictly private;" the wheels he has destroyed. These charts, too, have the same easily recognized zigzags. From the study of them the New Yorker has evolved a "graphic system" of "beating the bank" which has met with marvelous success, although the major part of the winnings has been made in imaginary play. At odd moments he and several club friends played the charts. Starting with a capital of \$1,000, they won a small sum every "day," and at the end of the "year" had won \$250,000 without plunging. Had they given a larger increment to their wagers they would have "broken the bank." They are all satisfied that the chart system is based upon good mathematics and will "beat the bank."

When he was at the Carlton, in London, the banker met a Dutch diplomatic officer, on his way to America, to whom he gave the results of his observations at the tables at Monte Carlo. The nobleman from Amsterdam, who is greatly respected among the baccarat players of Paris, had just had some very costly lessons in American poker from his New York friends. He was delighted with the mathematical beauties of the "graphic system" and offered to furnish a capital of \$10,000 if the banker would go with him to Monte Carlo and instruct him how to make his wagers. The American, of course, declined, but he gave the Dutch official enough of an outline of the method of play so that when he made a recent visit to America he spent several profitable nights in a well-known gambling house near Fifth avenue. The first night he won \$250, the second \$440, the third \$1,200, and the fourth \$370. The one fault he found with the system was that the winnings were made at the expense of brain tissue. He said he would not attempt to follow it longer. Meanwhile the secret of the "graphic system" of "beating the bank at Monte Carlo" lies in a safe-deposit box in Broad street, and the man who has the key refuses to indulge in public gambling.—Leslie's Weekly.

## A Strong Canadian Company.

The many prominent gentlemen who are represented on the board of the recently-formed Canadian Casualty Company are having associated with them as investors prominent gentlemen from all parts of Canada.

The steady enquiry for the shares of this Company as an investment marks the stock of this Company as one in which the investing public have every confidence.

The Company is a very strong one. The Provisional Directors have such well-known public gentlemen as the following on the Board. The Hon. R. P. Roblin, M.P.P., Premier of Manitoba; the Hon. John Haggart, M.P., P.C. of Perth; the Hon. W. H. Montague, M.D., P.C. of Hamilton; Alexander Sutherland, D.D., and A. G. C. Dinick of Toronto; J. Douglas Hazen, K.C., M.P.P., of St. John, New Brunswick; T. B. Paddicombe, Esq., of Haysville, and many other prominent gentlemen.

The prospects of the Company are most encouraging, and it is confidently assured that this Company will, with these representative public gentlemen at its head in the government of its business, take the premier place as an Accident Insurance Company in Canada.

Mr. A. G. C. Dinick is the Managing Director of this new Corporation. Enquiries regarding the stock of this Company may be obtained at the offices of the Company, 24 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

## "Out of the Mouths of Babes," Etc.

"How is it, my dear," enquired a school teacher of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."—The "Schoolmaster."

Mr. D. Septic—My dear, I wish you would prepare something occasionally to tempt my appetite. His Wife—The idea! Why, you have not any appetite to tempt.—Waverley Magazine.

## Infantile Candor.

The little daughter of the house watched the minister who was making a visit very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing?" asked the clergyman.

"I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and the child worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said.

"Tain't a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."—Philadelphia "Times."

## Baby Constipation

Can be Cured Without Resorting to Harsh Purgatives.

Constipation is a very common trouble among infants and small children—it is also one of the most distressing. The cause is some derangement of the digestive organs, and if not promptly treated is liable to lead to serious results. The little victim suffers from headache, fever, pain in the stomach and sometimes vomiting. While in this condition neither baby nor baby's mother can obtain restful sleep. If proper care is taken in feeding the child and Baby's Own Tablets are used, there will be no trouble found in curing and keeping baby free from this disorder. Mrs. T. Guymer, London, Ont., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation. She cried continually, and I was about worn out attending her. I tried several remedies, but none of them helped her till I procured some Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets worked wonders, and now she is in the best of health. I can now go about my work without being disturbed by baby's crying. I consider Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine, and would advise mothers to keep them in the house, for they will save baby from much suffering by curing and preventing the minor ailments common to infants and small children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They are easy to take, mild in action, promote healthful sleep, and will be found a never-failing cure for constipation, baby indigestion, simple fever, diarrhoea, sour stomach, colic, etc. They allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, break up colds and prevent croup. Price 25 cents a box, at all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Casey—Fifty dollars Callahan has spent tryin' to git his mother-in-law out av purgatory. Dady—Fifty dollars? Casey—Th' same! He siz he wants to git her out before he goes in if it kin be done!—"Puck."

## FOR CONSTIPATION DRINK

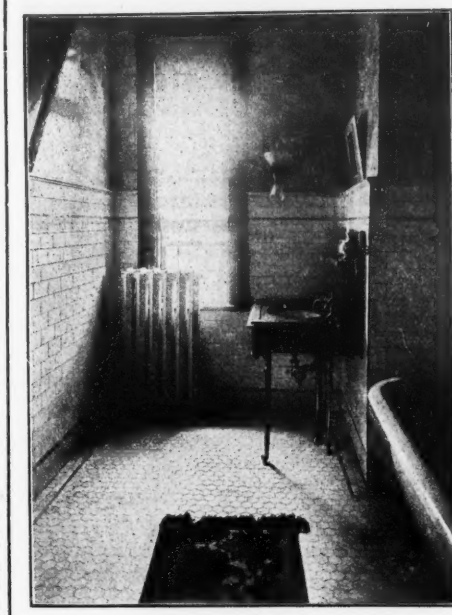
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Natural Laxative Mineral Water.

When buying be sure and use the full name HUNYADI JANOS. Otherwise you may be imposed upon.

LABEL ON BOTTLE IS BLUE WITH RED CENTRE.

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This wall plating is more elegant and SANITARY than glazed earthenware tiles. The white tiles are beautifully white, they do not crack on the face or become discolored, and the colored tiles are equally excellent for decorative effects in combination with the white.

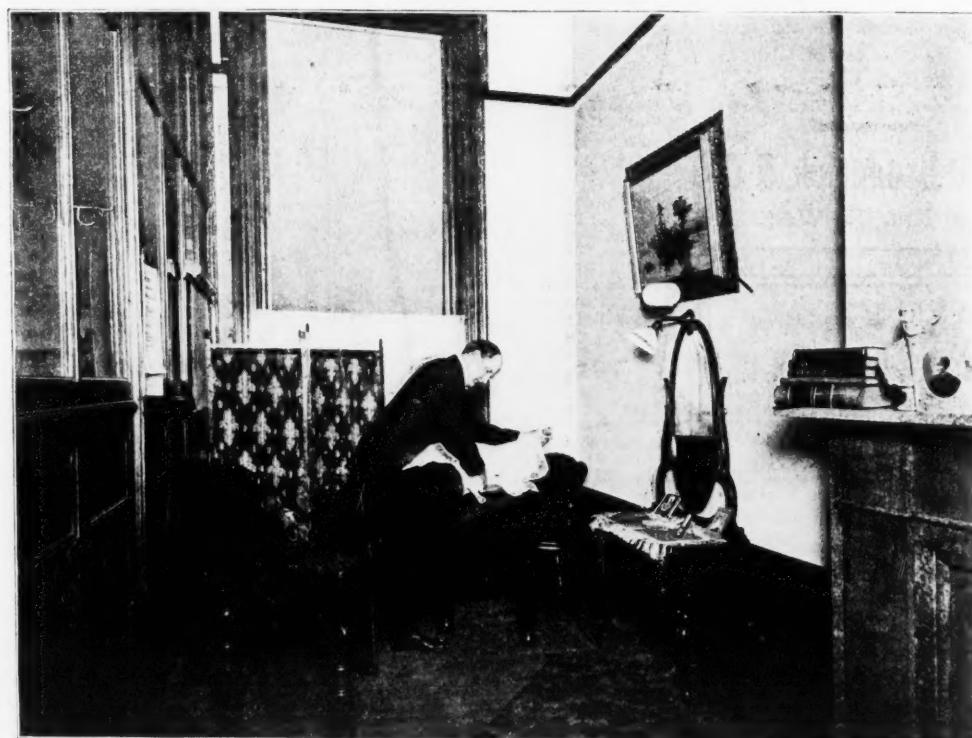
We have tiled the walls of kitchens and bath-rooms etc., in hundreds of Toronto's best homes and buildings.

We apply these tiles to old walls without alteration. Estimates given free of cost.

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## OSTEOPATHY

is a method of treating disease by manipulation, the purpose and result of which is to restore the normal condition of nerve control and blood supply to every organ of the body by removing physical obstruction, or by stimulating or inhibiting functional activity, as the condition may require—health by natural means.

The above cut illustrates a part of a treatment that may be given where the normal functioning powers of the heart or lungs are impaired. Every part of the Osteopathic treatment is based upon Anatomical and Physiological facts. The BLOOD is the Life. The nerve controls the condition and distribution of the blood. The nerve may become impinged at some point due to bony, muscular or ligamentous lesion, thus producing an abnormal nerve action. Now since the circulation is interdependent on the nervous system a condition of disease follows. This condition we claim can be overcome more quickly and more naturally by mechanical means applied from an Osteopathic standpoint than by any other.

All forms of curable disease, if taken in time, yield equally well to Osteopathic treatment. It has proved to be especially beneficial in all forms of Spinal Disease, Disorders of the Joints, Nervous Diseases, Headaches, Exhaustion, Insomnia, St. Vitus' Dance, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Occupation Cramps, Paralysis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Exophthalmic Goitre, Diabetes, Bright's Disease in early stages, Heart Disease, Anemia, Varicose Veins, Eczema, Tonsillitis, Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Pneumonia, Diseases of Stomach and Bowels, etc. We will be pleased at any time to be consulted with by anyone interested in Osteopathy, and feel confident that it is the most rational system known of treating disease. No case taken until a thorough examination has been made and we satisfy ourselves that good results should be expected.

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## The June Bride.



THE shelves upon shelves that are here overflow with beautiful books, with fine prints, with dainty writing papers.

But the Apotheosis of them all—the supremely attractive of things in paper—is the wedding stationery of the "Book Shop."

Paper that is immaculate. Engraving that is clear-cut, jet black, fine. Envelopes that are above comparison.

Each detail is extremely correct. Some, attending so many weddings announced on "Book Shop" stationery, call us an "authority" on this class of work.

In connection with wedding stationery, it will be a privilege to "suggest" to you, at the "Book Shop," any morning or afternoon.

Afterwards, you may spend a pleasant half-hour looking over our new books, or, possibly, seeing our new stationery.

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8 KING STREET WEST



### Keeping up the Illusion—Advice to the Newly Wed.

**T**HE following Rules for Young Married Men and Women, by Carolyn Shipman, have been framed with judicial impartiality. We cannot give them all; but publish quite sufficient to start an interesting little debate. First we will take some of the advice tendered to a Young Married Woman:

"Never weep in the presence of your husband. Weeping either irritates him or makes him feel helpless. If he is helpless, he is provoked with himself; if irritated, with you.

"Don't show him all the letters you receive. He does not show you all of his. Undoubtedly he believes in reciprocity.

"Don't explain. Explanations are tiresome. If you make mistakes, profit by them, and say nothing.

"Always be appreciative and responsive. If he buys you a diamond ring, don't remind him that you need new shoes. Put the ring on your hand and wear a smile. The shoes will come later.

"Suggest, don't demand. Remember the fable of the horse and the watering-trough.

"Don't nag. There is always a woman who doesn't.

"Make him understand by the surest means a command that he is the finest man in the world, but never let him forget that there are others almost as fine.

"Remember that little things count with him more than big ones. Yield in small matters. Hold to your principles.

"Don't indulge in bursts of confidence. You may regret them. What is unsaid can never be afterwards used in argument.

"If you are jealous, give him the benefit of the doubt. He will secretly thank you.

"Be loyal to him before your family and your friends, no matter what happens. Don't discuss him. He doesn't discuss you.

"Never try to make him jealous. It isn't fair, and it doesn't pay.

"Never let him feel his complete power over you. Keep your individuality. Men want what they can't get.

"Keep him your lover, if disappointed, always expectant, never disappointed."

To the Young Married Man the writer says, among other things:

"Keep up the illusion.

"Don't settle down too obviously to married life. Be as eager to please her as you were before marriage. Aim to preserve the charm of the honeymoon.

"Don't tell her she is illogical. She probably is, but she mustn't know it.

"Don't be too reminiscent of the days before you knew her. From the battles in which you slew the Dragon she may reason to the struggles where you fell by the wayside.

"Remember that the new life, which is merely an episode, is to her a complete revolution of thought and habit—an undiscovered country. Make allowances for her. The readjustment is not easy.

"Treat her fairly so that she will not deceive you.

"Keep up the illusion.

"Tell her occasionally that you love her. She knows it, but she likes to hear it. She can't always take it for granted.

"Never remark casually that there are two standards, one for a man and another for a woman. Women sometimes put two and two together with surprising accuracy.

"Never give her power over you by allowing her to see that you are jealous. This is fatal. Assume indifference if you have it not.

"Train her to be prepared for emergencies if she isn't that kind. Bring your friends home to dinner unexpectedly.

"Smoke in the house if you want to.



**T**HE only piano to buy is the one that gives you the most complete satisfaction. All we ask is for you to examine the WILLIAMS PIANO and you can use your own judgment to decide that it is the best Canadian instrument. Visitors welcome. Warerooms always open. Old pianos taken in exchange. Easy terms arranged.

and bring the dogs in. She knew these things before she married you. Why sacrifice your innocent pleasures? Prove to her that marriage seldom reforms.

"Don't talk business to her after she has been shopping all day. She has troubles of her own.

"Treat her like a comrade and a friend, but never forget that she is, above all, a woman, who needs your utmost sympathy and protection.

"Keep up the illusion.

"Don't tell her all the risqué stories you know. Reserve some of the worst and leave her a few sensibilities.

"If you hurt her feelings—and you will—tell her you are sorry. An ounce of true repentance will banish many pounds of hurt.

"Don't lose your temper when she does. Choose a more opportune moment. Someone must pilot the ship.

"Remember that if you love each other, you can do with her as you will.

"Above all, keep up the illusion—if you can. It is worth while."

### Amenities of Street-Car Travel.

**S**EEING and hearing so much of the disagreeables of street-car travel, you are apt to forget the other side unless you stop occasionally and think of the pleasure which you really have found in the cars; and which, found there amid the prevailing monotony and stupidity, assumes unwonted importance, and adds materially to the little amenities of life on which such a deal of everyday cheerfulness and satisfaction depends.

It is a rainy, gloomy day—wet clothing, dismal faces, a finished paper; you have read the signs till you hate pickles and soap, and you loathe the title, even, of "the most successful book of the year." Suddenly you catch the man opposite you smiling; you wonder what he can see. You follow his gaze: there is a woman and a baby. The woman may be frowzy, the baby not clean; but look again! A movement of the infant catches the woman to glance down at it, lying on her arm.

### S. H. & M. Bias Velveteen vs. Millinery Velveteen.

Millinery Velveteen is made for appearances only, not for wear. S. H. & M. Bias Velveteen is made expressly for skirt binding wear from rich silk-finished velveteen, and combines durability with style and elegance. Next time you want a skirt binding use S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet.

If you do not find the letters

**S. H. & M.**

on the back of Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.

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WITH COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

When you buy an

# Oxford Gas Range

Their valves and burners are of a special perfected make that provides immense heat from an amazingly small amount of gas. You'll be surprised to find how much less the season's cooking will cost you when using one of these reliable ranges—and of course, you can fancy how much will be gained by a cool kitchen and the absence of dirt and ashes all summer.

Better see which style or size suits you best—all prices are most reasonable.

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### The Closed Parlor.

**O**NE meets it frequently in fiction—a dim, unbecoming room, furnished in funeral haircloth or rainbow-hued crinkled plush, according to its generation—a room so set apart from all the cheerful, common uses of life that warm and kindly humanity crossing its threshold stiffens at its chill breath, and falls at once into an irksome constraint.

One meets it occasionally in reality, in sheltered corners undisturbed by the swift tide of progress. Yet even here there is a difference; it is opened oftener, the angles of the haircloth sofas are hidden by sofa-pillows—set erect and square, doubtless, yet bearing testimony to the spirit of the age.

For the day of the parlor is passing, says the "Youth's Companion"—not without a note of exultation. Libraries, living-rooms—word of happy omen—wide halls with the cheery invitation of the open fire—these have set the seal of banishment upon the parlor; where the name still remains, it is the name alone; the place is a place of sunshine and pictures and books and daily life.

But the happy revolution is not yet all accomplished; there are parlors yet to be opened. One writer tells how the message came to her through her upholsterer.

He was a foreigner by birth, but American in spirit, hard-working, ambitious, devoted to his home. He had a tiny shop, but often did odd jobs

about the house. It was her enquiry about his wife and children one day which gave him speech.

"I wish you go see my wife," he said. "It is not far—shut round the corner most. I wish life was not shut like it is. It is good, but not shut like it should be. Now you take those women like my wife. She has four children; she does all those work for me. She help me. She make a mattress tick yesterday, and she sew for me this morning already."

"Now you know what. It don't leave her much time. Now what comes?" She shut sits at home and works and works and gets tired. Nobody comes to see her, and dot parlor she gets not swept nor kept like what it should be. When a woman work always, and dere come no person to see her, she find no cause like for being fixed up."

"Dere is plenty of dot visiting done. The poor is visited, but it is to ask questions, to see why those chillen not in the Sunday school. The church missionary, she comes. She is paid to do dot."

There was a low pause, a piercing, questioning look in his eyes, and then he said slowly:

"Yes, she comes quite often because the ladies of the church do it not themselves. You think we care for dot? No, not at all. It mean nothing to my wife. When a lady like you come, who is not paid, who comes because she want to see my wife, den she care much. Den it seem worth while to keep dot parlor swept."

It was the plea of a brave man; not for charity—he could take care of his family—but for that which is purchasable in no market-place. Is it not possible that there is near each of us some such closed parlor waiting the touch of neighborly kindness to make it a place of gladness?

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder), will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

### Off to the Wars.

Filial Youth (hesitating, being fearful of breaking the parental heart)—Well, mother, I've volunteered. We're off to the Front next week.

Spartan Mother—How many shirts will you want, my boy?—"Punch."

"Paw," said little Johnny Askit, "what does Kipling mean by 'flanneled fools'?" "The folks who take their flannels off before the first of May, my son,"—Baltimore "American."

### Horrible Pains

French Gentleman's Sufferings are Beyond Description.

Many Doctors Treated him, but without Success—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him and now Life is a Pleasure to him—He tells the story.

St. Urbain, Que., April 21.—(Special.)—Fearful indeed has been the experience of Narcisse Barrette of this place. For fifteen long and wearisome years he has suffered with an acute Malady of the Kidneys and back, which has caused him the most agonizing pains. He consulted physician after physician and followed their treatment patiently and carefully. Some of them afforded him a little temporary relief (which was in itself a great blessing), but the pain always came back to torture him even worse than before.

Rheumatism added its terrors to his already great burden of misery, and his life was a succession of spasms of the most violent pains it has ever been the lot of any mortal man to endure.

The story as told by Mons. Barrette himself is, in part, as follows:

"For more than fifteen years I suffered with a severe Malady of the back and Kidneys which caused me horrible pains in the back."

"I tried many doctors, but the relief I got was only temporary and the Malady always returned. My suffering was so great at times that it was almost beyond endurance."

"I had rheumatism as well as the pains in my back, and between them I was sorely tried. I would rather die than suffer again the way I did, but now life is very pleasant for me and I am anxious to live."

"You ask me how I was cured?"

"Well, after trying in vain doctors' treatments and almost everything else, I began to use what has been to me the greatest medicine in all the world, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon the pains all left me. They acted almost like magic. I am now in perfect health and work every day."

KAY'S

"Canada's Greatest Carpet House."

KAY'S

# Early Spring Sale of Lace Curtains.

Some of the finest goods we have shown any season—Lace Curtains that possess that real lacy effect that adds charm to any room. There is no question whatever that we are the largest importers of Lace Curtains in Canada. Unless you have a personal acquaintance with the size of our stock you will be surprised at the immense assortment we can show a customer. We start Lace Curtains at as small a price as Lace Curtains worth hanging up can be sold for, and there is hardly anything finely made in Lace Curtains that we are not able to show you. This season we have beautiful effects in Brussels, Tambour, Renaissance, Irish Point, Marie Antoinette and other lines.

We know this is the season for Lace Curtains, and you will appreciate the special sale that we will inaugurate, commencing Monday morning. Every price is special—some very extra special—

White Tambour Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 inches wide, special, \$2.50 per pair.  
White Tambour Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 inches wide, special, \$3.50 per pair.  
White Tambour Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 inches wide, special, \$5.50 per pair.  
White Embroidered Swiss Muslin Curtains, 3 yards long and 40 inches wide, with embroidered frill, per pair, \$3.50.  
White Embroidered Swiss Muslin Curtains, 3 yards long and 50 inches wide, embroidered spots all over, extra fine, per pair, \$2.  
White Embroidered Swiss Muslin Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 inches wide, embroidered border and center, very fine quality, per pair, \$5.  
White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, 49 inches wide, special, per pair, \$1.  
White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, 50 inches wide, fine lacy design, per pair, \$1.20.

## Extra Specials in Lace Curtains

Special lot of White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 50 inches wide, 3 yards long, very choice and new goods of this season, regularly sold per pair at \$1.25, extra special 95c.  
Special lot of White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 50 inches wide, 3 yards long, very choice and new goods of this season, regularly sold per pair at \$1.50, extra special \$1.15.  
Cream Nottingham Lace Curtains, 50 inches wide and 3 yards long, very choice and new goods of this season, regularly sold per pair at \$1.50, extra special \$1.15.  
Fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, in white, with Brussels design, 3 1/2 yards long, regularly sold at \$3.75, extra special \$2.00.  
Beautiful Irish Point Lace Curtains, in cream, with double border, 3 yards long, regularly sold per pair at \$5.00, extra special \$1.75.  
Irish Point Lace Curtains, very tasty effects, 3 1/2 yards long, regularly sold at \$1.50 per pair, extra special \$3.50.  
Real Brussels Lace Curtains—beautiful line—3 1/2 yards long, regularly sold per pair at \$14.50, extra special \$11.50.  
White Tambour Lace Curtains—a choice line of this season—regularly sold per pair at \$4.75, extra special \$3.45.  
Marie Antoinette—you will like these—regularly sold per pair at \$3.50, extra special \$1.75.

Cream Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 50 inches wide, fine lacy design, special per pair, \$1.35.  
White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, 72 inches wide, bold, rich design, for very wide windows, special per pair, \$3.25.  
Cream Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 60 inches wide, very fine Brussels design, special per pair, \$3.50.  
White Embroidered Spot Muslin, with frill, 30 inches, 180, 48 inches wide, 30.  
Ivory Embroidered Spot, 30 inches wide 45, 54 inches wide 55c. per yard.  
Ivory Embroidered Fancy Design Shifflet Net, 30 inches wide 65c. per yard, 54 inches wide \$1.25.  
Ivory Embroidered All-over Shifflet Net, 30 inches wide 85c. per yard, 54 inches wide \$1.50 per yard.  
White Applique Net, with lattice design, specially for caseement windows, 30 inches wide 85c. per yard, 30 inches wide \$1.25 per yard.  
Real Brussels Sash Net, neat pattern and border, 28 inches wide, special 28c. per yard.  
Real Brussels Sash Net, panel center design, finest quality, 30 inches wide 65c. per yard, 30 inches wide 85c. per yard.  
Novelties in Madras and Art Muslins, Crepes and Silk-lines, samples sent anywhere.

**MAIL ORDERS.** We send hundreds of pairs of Lace Curtains to all parts of the Dominion. Shoppers find everything as described. There is always satisfaction in making a selection from our advertised list.

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO.**

(LIMITED)

36-38 King Street West, Toronto

Beautiful . . .

# ORIENTAL RUGS

At Cut Prices

Our large spring shipment of Oriental Carpets and Rugs has just arrived, and there are several sales yet to make place for new arrivals. Furnishers of the season are cordially invited to call and inspect our elegant collection of Rugs whether they intend to buy or not.

**L. BABAYAN & CO., 40 King St. East.**



## Going Abroad?

One must have every necessary to comfort in Traveling—



Steamer Trunks, Hat Boxes,  
Rugs, Carryalls, Flasks, etc.

We aim to be able to furnish you with whatever you need for a trip of long or short duration.  
For those out of town our Illustrated Catalogue, S, gives full particulars of all our goods.

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Do you care to be well?

## SHREDDED WHEAT

Will keep you so  
To-Day—To-Morrow—and for life  
For Sale by All Grocers.

## We Want Your Furniture Repairing

We want your endorsement also, not on a note or any other business paper, but as to our merits as strictly high-grade furniture repairers, repolishers and upholsterers. We now have the best furniture repairing plant in Canada. The services of the specialists in charge of every department are placed freely at the disposal of every client of this establishment, whether the order is large or small. We do not care to handle the work of a client unless it is of such a character as to merit the co-operation of our best men. We study a client's proposition from his standpoint—the best work at the lowest price—and guarantee satisfaction.

If you are not a customer of ours, your next order, if intrusted to us, will bring home to you the fact that we cannot be excelled.

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

Antique Furniture

422-424 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Birmingham.

PHONE—MAIN 1275.

IMPORTANT—Have you tried the Royal Crest Furniture Dressing? It is the finest thing on the market for furniture, pianos, or woodwork of any kind. For polished floors it is unexcelled. We recommend it.

### Individualities.

Among those who will be honored with a peerage by King Edward during coronation week is Professor William Edward Hartpole Lecky, the famous historian, who, for some years, has represented Dublin University in the House of Commons.

They are talking of running the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon for Mayor of Topeka, Kan. Mr. Sheldon is the author of the book called "In His Steps," and about two years ago edited the Topeka "Capital" for a week, to show how he believed Christ would run a newspaper.

Richard Croker has at last become a real English squire, having purchased Manor Wantage for seventy-five thousand dollars. Of course, he will not enjoy the feudal privileges and rights which formerly came direct from the Crown, but he will be next to Lord Wantage, the most important personage in his shire.

It is said that Senator Pettus, the other day, arose in the United States Senate as if to address his fellow-members, and a hush of expectancy at once fell upon the chamber. Every eye was upon the venerable statesman, who, with great deliberation, reached around into the tall pocket of his long frock-coat and drew forth a plug of tobacco. Unconscious of the attention he was attracting, he bit off a chew and sat down, without saying a word. Everybody smiled.

James H. Hagen has undertaken the gigantic task of building a park at his summer home near Lexington, Ky., of California trees. Some weeks ago he took a landscape gardener there and work was begun digging holes. People were at a loss to understand what it all meant. Their curiosity was satisfied last week when several cars loaded with massive trees arrived, some of them measuring three feet in diameter. They are fine specimens of the California redwood, which grows to immense proportions.

According to the despatches, Whitelaw Reid and the members of his special embassy to the coronation of King Edward the Seventh have decided to pay their expenses out of their own pockets. The British Government will stand the expense of entertaining them for two weeks. This courtesy does not, however, include the wives of the members of the special embassy. The offer is understood to embrace hotel bills and traveling expenses of the Americans for a fortnight after they arrive in England. If they stay longer they must stand the cost themselves. Not only are Special Ambassador Whitelaw Reid and the

attaches of the embassy included, but the army and navy representatives as well.

Prince Henry's visit to the United States is to be returned by a trio of distinguished army officers. "The Kaiser leaves Berlin for the great autumn manoeuvres of the German army next September, Emperor William is to have as his companions and guests three representatives of the United States army, Majors-General Corbin and Young, and Brigadier-General Smith, who will accompany the emperor on his tour of inspection of the German army." This visit was suggested by Emperor William himself, who assured the Washington Government that he would be very glad to welcome to the manoeuvres such soldiers as the President might wish to send over, and intimated that their sojourn in Germany would be made as pleasant as possible.

### In the Philippines.

A soldier on his return to Manila from Batangas contributed the following to the Manila "American":

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,  
And let me go home again just for tonight.  
I am so weary of sole leather steak,  
And petrified hardtack a sledge can not break;  
Tomatoes and beans in hot water bath,  
And bacon as strong as Goliath of Gath;  
Weary of starving on what I can't eat,  
And chewing up rubber and calling it beef.  
Backward, turn backward, weary I am,  
And give me a whack at dear mother's jam;  
And let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,  
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed,  
Give me once more an old-fashioned pie,  
And then I'll be ready to go south and die.

### Big Buildings.

St. Peter's is the biggest building in the world. St. Paul's could be placed inside the great cathedral at Rome without blocking up the way through. St. Peter's stands on an area of two hundred and forty thousand square feet, with a front four hundred feet broad and a length inside of six hundred feet. The cost of building the cathedral was three and a half millions sterling—exactly the same sum as was spent on the British Houses of Parliament, and five times as much as the cost of St. Paul's. The Vatican, which can hardly be called a single building, has eleven thousand apartments, approached by two hundred staircases; and there is a mystery in Madrid which has twelve thousand windows and doors. But they can hardly be called

single buildings, and, bearing this distinction in mind, the biggest building in the world is the Church of the Pope at Rome.

The builders of the Old World were more ambitious than our own. No such theater has ever been built in the modern world as the Coliseum, with its diameter of six hundred and fifteen feet, its height of one hundred and sixty-four feet, and its seats for a hundred thousand people. No wall has ever been built to equal the great wall of China, which runs thirty feet high and twenty-four feet thick for twelve hundred miles; and the Pyramids remain the wonder of the world in the twentieth century as in the first. Ancient Egypt had twelve palaces each with three thousand rooms; and the walls of Nineveh ran for a hundred miles a hundred feet high and wide enough for three chariots to drive abreast along the top.

### Alligator Stories.

The game books kept by all the principal hostleries at Tampa Bay make exciting reading for the gentle stranger, in whom the various entries conjure up vivid reminiscences of Indian jungle or African river, where one goes

A-swimming in the muddy Nile,  
And swims into a crocodile.

And while there is great excitement in playing a 150-pound tarpon, in netting a big catch of mullet, or in bringing down an imperial eagle, the sportsman who goes after alligators feels he is really emulating the hunter who returns from the jungle laden with tiger skins and elephant tusks, and this thrill can be experienced by anyone who finds his way to Tampa Bay, where alligators of seven, nine and eleven feet are continually bagged.

The belief was long current that the only vulnerable spot in an alligator was the eye, and that a rifle ball would glance from the skin of this tropical armed cruiser, but a modern rifle ball will penetrate his hide anywhere, though it is not always immediately fatal. Apropos of Florida alligators, here is an amusing record from one of the game books at Tampa Bay. Someone wrote: "Killed the largest alligator seen this year. Found in his stomach a book, a piece of pinewood, a fisherman's float, and some small fish."

Right under this another sportsman wrote: "Killed a much bigger alligator. The stomach contained a gold watch, ten thousand dollars in Government bonds, and a cord of wood." Not to be outdone, a third hunter wrote: "Shot the biggest alligator ever killed in Florida. In the stomach were found the remains of a steam launch, a lot of old railroad iron, a motor car, and a quantity of melted ice, proving that it existed during the glacial period!"

### Figuring It Out.

The "little Johnny" of the following story may never have heard that Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,  
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so on, and so on.

But his method of reasoning is analogous. He had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures, says the Salt Lake "Herald," when suddenly he called out:  
"Sa, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?"  
"Yes."  
"How much?"  
"Oh, a lot of money."  
"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?"  
"Yes, I guess so."  
"And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?"  
"Yes, yes."  
"And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?"  
"I suppose so."  
"And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?"  
"Of course."  
"And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it, pa?"  
"Yes, yes."  
"And a fly would be enough for the spider?"  
"Sure."  
"And a drop of molasses would be all the fly would want, wouldn't it?"  
"Oh, stop your chatter!"  
"But wouldn't it, pa?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of molasses?"

### Wit of Counselor Nolan.

In a book entitled "The Barrister," Charles Frederick Stanbury relates the following characteristic stories of Tom Nolan, known popularly among members of the New York bar as "Counselor Nolan," who for many years kept judges and lawyers of the metropolis laughing at his drolleries. Nolan once had a client whose name was Mrs. Moriarity. After her case had been placed upon the calendar, Mrs. Moriarity appeared every day in Nolan's office with her eleven witnesses. Finally the case reached the top of the calendar, and Nolan was on hand to try it. The opposing counsel asked for a postponement. Nolan fought the postponement with great eloquence, laying much stress upon the fact that Mrs. Moriarity had been put to enormous trouble and expense of coming every day to his office with her eleven witnesses. Judge Dugro, who was sitting, was not convinced, apparently, by Nolan's perverted oratory, and granted the adjournment. Then the barrister arose. "Your honor," said he, "has seen fit to grant a postponement of the case, and while I humbly submit to the ruling of the court, yet I would like to ask your honor to do me a personal favor."

"Certainly, counselor, with pleasure," replied Judge Dugro; "what is it?"  
"Go you to my office," thundered the barrister, "and inform Mrs. Moriarity that this case has been postponed."  
Nolan, on one occasion, was a candidate for a municipal office, and in the course of his canvass asked a woman of his acquaintance if she would use her influence in obtaining for him her husband's vote. "Sure, I will," said the woman; "are we not everlastingly grateful to you ever since you got my husband off for stealing a gun?"  
"No, no, my dear woman," cried the

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barrister; "not for stealing a gun, but for the alleged stealing of a gun."  
"Alleged be bothered," replied the woman. "Come upstairs and I'll show you the gun."

Once arguing a case in behalf of clients who were sailors, and while in the midst of an exhaustive display of nautical scholarship, Nolan was interrupted by the court:

"How comes it, counselor, that you possess such a vast knowledge of the sea?"  
"Does your honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hark?"

### Wage-Earning School Children in England.

Whilst dreams of world-wide empire and visions of the subjection of the entire universe to the domination of the occupants of No. 10 Downing street, Whitehall, are disturbing the rest of the average Briton, and turning even the late followers of Gladstone into rampant jingoists, thinking men are reminded, by the publication of Blue Books such as the report just issued by the Home Office on the employment of school children, of some of the evils which are eating away the heart of the English nation. Child labor in England has been the subject of repeated legislation for nearly a century. Children eight years of age are no longer allowed to work in factories, nor are the hours of labor for older child-workers so long as heretofore. For the latter class a system of half work, half school, has been devised; while a series of acts of Parliament have been passed forbidding the employment of young children in chimney-sweeping, acrobatic performances, etc., and severely regulating their hours of labor in other, and in my opinion, equally objectionable occupations. It was fondly imagined that these enactments had finally exorcised the evil spirit of child labor; but the terrible disease of poverty is too deeply rooted in Great Britain to be eradicated by

such measures; and though now and again a sore may be healed, it surely reappears in some other part of the body politic. Its latest development is to be seen in the spectacle of children of tender years trading in the streets, or working in shops, or engaged in some form of agricultural labor which has not been forbidden by any existing legislation. The first symptom was noticed by the Education Department through its school inspectors; and six years ago an investigation was held by that body in order to see whether the disease was quite so dangerous as represented. Enquiries were made from the various school managers throughout the country, with the result that it was reported that no less than 144,000 children attending school were employed either before or after school hours, or both, for a very small remuneration, at some form of work for periods ranging from twenty to forty. These figures rather underestimated the total number, as the compilers did not include those children who had a regular occupation after school, or those whose work was not, in their judgment, prejudicial to health.—Thomas Burke in the "Forum."

### Didn't Like Officers' Fare.

Anybody with any knowledge of nautical matters at all knows what an habitual growler "Jack" is. Never was he known to be satisfied with any possible condition of affairs, no matter what efforts might have been spent in pleasing him.

A good example of this is shown in a story told by the skipper of a large American sailing vessel now in port. On his last trip from San Francisco to this port he had with him some passengers; so, to prevent friction, he humored the seamen more than he otherwise would have done. On the second day out the crew all came aft and demanded to see the skipper.

### What People Intend to Say.



"Oh, George! I'm so mad I can hardly speak. That dressmaker has ruined my new dress. I'm going right up there and tell her that she must pay me full damages. If she refuses I'll—I'll scratch her eyes out."

"I received the dress, Mrs. Stitch, and have come to ask you if you will kindly make a slight alteration in the trimming of the waist. Otherwise the dress is very satisfactory."—"Leslie's Weekly."

"Well, boys, what's the growl now?" he asked.

The spokesman, an old seaman, stepped forward with a tin of beef in his hands.

"Vot we wants to know, cap'n," began the old salt, "is, are you a-goin' to feed us on this muck right along?"

"Well," answered the captain, "it isn't swell grub, I'll admit, but what can I do?"

"Give us cabin fare," growled a dozen voices.

The captain agreed. The steward was ordered to prepare the finest stuffs of the officers for the "fo'c's'le," and also to have the cook make them cabin pastry.

For several days all went well. Then the men came aft again.

"Well, not satisfied yet?" asked the captain.

"No," growled the old seaman, "we don't want any more of this stuff. Give us back our old whack."

"What's the matter with this?" exclaimed the skipper, examining the chicken, charlotte russe and ice cream. "Matter?" growled the men. "Matter enough. There ain't no chaw to it."

### Force of Habit.

Miss Upperten (at the ball)—Let us have another round before the music stops.

De Rounder—Sure, and remember this round is on me—that is—beg your pardon, Miss Upperten. Another waltz, did you say? With pleasure.—Chicago "News."

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## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

### Births.

Contes—April 16, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Contes, a daughter.  
Douglas—April 18, Woodstock, Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, a daughter.  
Brownlee—April 17, Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Brownlee, a son.  
Waters—April 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. Waters, a son.  
Mallon—April 15, Toronto, Mrs. John F. Mallon, a son.  
Niles—April 20, Toronto, Mrs. Charles B. Niles, a son.  
Webb—April 20, Toronto, Mrs. A. G. Webb, a son.  
Rowell—April 18, Toronto, Mrs. N. W. Rowell, a son.  
Brown—March 29, Edinburgh, Mrs. George Mackenzie Brown, twin sons.  
Ball—April 21, Toronto, Mrs. Ernest S. Ball, a daughter.  
Begg—April 21, Toronto, Mrs. Evan A. Begg, a son.  
Caddy—April 17, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Arthur G. Caddy, a daughter.  
Piper—April 17, Toronto, Mrs. Frank M. Piper, a daughter.  
Macdonald—April 17, Dunnville, Mrs. Stewart, a daughter.  
Kelso—Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. J. J. Kelso, a son.  
Morang—Toronto, Mrs. Geo. N. Morang, a daughter.  
Raymond—April 17, Woodstock, Mrs. S. D. Raymond, a daughter.

### Marriages.

Rogers—Hambridge—At the Baptist Church, Aylmer, on April 24th, by Rev. Mr. J. H. Aylmer, assisted by Rev. Dr. McMullen, Woodstock, Miss Edythe Belle Hambridge, only daughter of Mr. J. B. Hambridge, of Aylmer, to Dr. J. Morrison Rogers, of Ingersoll.  
Hissen—McDonald—April 23, Toronto, Walter Hissen, aged 28, to Kathleen McDonald, aged 23.  
Potts—Score—April 23, Toronto, J. Edward Potts to Margaret Clarissa Score.  
Rutherford—MacLaren—April 22, Toronto, Samuel J. Rutherford to Bessie M. MacLaren.  
Forbes—Bride—April 18, Port Perry, James L. Forbes to Amelia Barbara McBride.  
Ritchie—Clement—April 16, William John Ritchie, to Edith M. Clement, daughter of Doldge—Montgomery—Toronto, W. A. Doldge to Jennie Montgomery.

### Deaths.

Benson—April 14, Windsor, Mrs. Frances Ann Clark Benson, aged 85.  
Broughall—April 16, Toronto, Norman Stephen Broughall, aged 14 months.  
Rae—April 17, Port Perry, Alexander Marshall Rae, aged 61.  
Walker—April 17, Hamilton, Alfred E. Walker, aged 82.  
Burns—April 11, Niagara, Mrs. Rebecca Campbell Allan, aged 83.  
Stoddard—April 18, Toronto, George Edward Piddington, aged 13.  
Burns—April 18, London, Ont., Mary Elizabeth Burns, aged 83.  
Burton—April 13, Hamilton, Warren F. Burton, aged 62.  
Mulholland—April 19, Owen Sound, Ven. Arthur Hill Ringland Mulholland.  
Swinton—April 19, St. Catharines, James Archibald Hill Swinton.  
McLeod—April 19, Owen Sound, Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth McLeod.  
Hamilton—April 21, Toronto, Peter Hamilton, aged 83.  
McGee—April 21, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Ann McGee.  
Monsell—April 21, Port Hope, Mary Hawkes Monsell.  
Gordon—Toronto, George H. Gordon, aged 74.  
Henderson—Toronto Junction, John Henderson, aged 75.  
Cowper—April 23, Welland, George Constable Cowper, aged 80.  
Farrow—April 23, Toronto, Frank W. Farrow, aged 27.  
Harrison—April 22, Toronto, Mrs. Robert Harrison, aged 44.  
Lackey—April 23, Toronto, William A. Lackey, aged 28.  
Sinclair—April 23, Toronto, Mrs. Robina Mortimer Sinclair, aged 67.

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